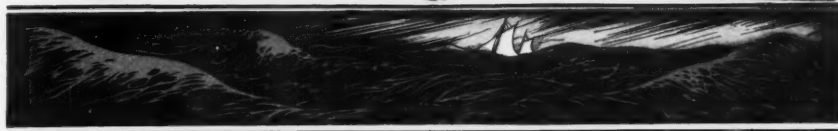


# ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



PROPERTY  
The Christmas  
COC NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI  
Cosmopolitan



## The Voyage of the "Snark"

—by Jack London

♦♦♦♦

Jack London is off on his round-the-world voyage for the *Cosmopolitan*, in his little forty-five-foot, ketch-rigged boat, the *Snark*, with Mrs. London, her uncle, a cook, and a Japanese cabin-boy. The author of "The Sea Wolf" expects to be gone several years and, for the time, to do all his writing on board his boat. He will write the story of the voyage exclusively for the *Cosmopolitan*, and expects to begin his narration in the January or February number.

Here is a characteristic foreword from Mr. London, in which he tells about his little craft and the proposed voyage.—Editor's Note.



It began in the swimming-pool at Glen Ellen. Between swims it was our wont to come out and lie in the sand and let our skins breathe the warm air and soak in the sunshine.

Roscoe, who is Charmian's uncle, was a yachtsman. I had followed the sea a bit. It was inevitable that we should talk about boats. We talked about small boats and the seaworthiness of small boats. We asserted that we were not afraid to go around the world in a small boat, say, forty feet long. We asserted finally that there was nothing in this world we would like better than a chance to do it.

"Let us do it," we said—in fun.

Then I asked Charmian on the side if she would really care to do it, and she said that it was too good to be true.

The next time we breathed our skins in the sand by the swimming-pool, I said to Roscoe,

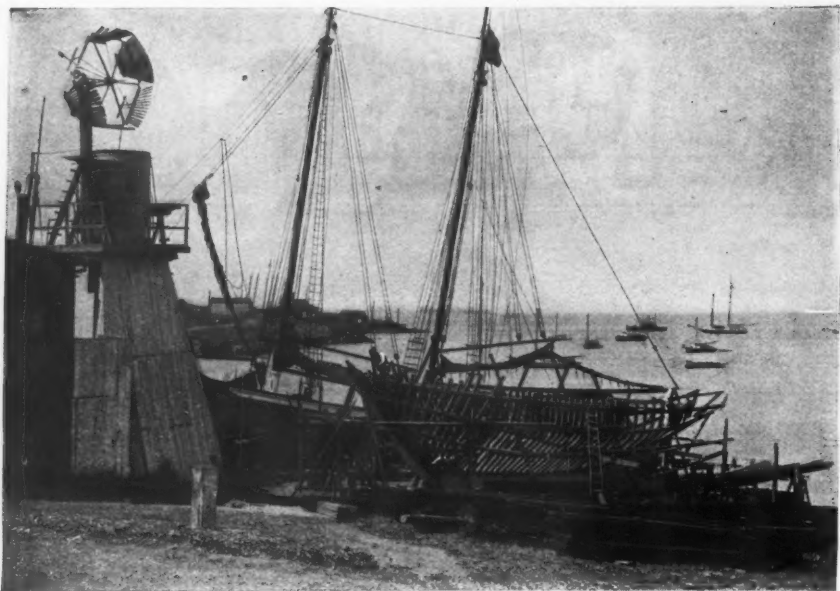
"Let us do it."

I was in earnest and so was he, for he said,

"When shall we start?"

So the trip was decided upon, and the building of the *Snark* began at once.

Our friends cannot understand why we make this voyage. They shudder and moan and raise their hands. No amount of explanation can make them comprehend that we are moving along the line of least resistance; that it is easier for us to go down to the sea in a small ship than to remain on dry land, just as it is easier for them to remain on dry land than to go down to the sea in a small ship. This state of mind comes of an undue prominence of the ego. They cannot get away from themselves. They cannot come out of themselves long enough to see that their



THE *SNARK* ON THE WAYS

line of least resistance is not necessarily everybody else's line of least resistance. They make of their own bundle of desires, likes, and dislikes a yardstick wherewith to measure the desires, likes, and dislikes of all creatures. This is unfair. I tell them so; but they cannot get away from their own miserable egos long enough to hear me. They think I am crazy. In return, I am sympathetic. It is a state of mind familiar to me. We are all prone to think there is something wrong with the mental processes of the man who disagrees with us.

But to return to the *Snark*, and why I, for one, want to journey in her around the world. The things I like constitute my set of values. The thing I like most of all is personal achievement—not achievement for the world's applause, but achievement for my own delight. It is the old "I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" But personal achievement, with me, must be concrete. I would rather win a water-fight in the swimming-pool, or remain astride a horse that is trying to get out from under me, than write the great American novel. Some other fellow would prefer writing the great American novel to winning the water-fight or mastering the horse.

Possibly the proudest achievement of my life, my moment of highest living, occurred when I was seventeen. I was in a three-masted schooner off the coast of Japan. We were in a typhoon. All hands had been on deck most of the night. I was called from my bunk at seven in the morning to take the wheel. Not a stitch of canvas was set. We were running before the storm under the bare poles, yet the schooner fairly tore along. The seas were all of an eighth of a mile apart, and the wind snatched the whitecaps from their summits, filling the air so thick with driving spray that it was impossible to see more than two waves at a time. The schooner was almost unmanageable, rolling her rail under to starboard and to port, veering and yawing anywhere between southeast and southwest, and threatening, when the huge seas lifted under her quarter, to broach to. Had she broached to, she would ultimately have been reported lost with all hands and no tidings.

I took the wheel. The sailing-master watched me for a space. He was afraid of my youth, afraid that I lacked the strength; but when he saw me successfully wrestle the schooner through several bouts, he went



*Posed expressly for the* COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

JACK LONDON AND THE SKELETON OF HIS FORTY-FIVE-FOOT BOAT IN WHICH HE WILL  
SAIL AROUND THE WORLD FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

below to breakfast. Fore and aft, all hands were below at breakfast. Had she broached to, not one of them would ever have reached the deck. For forty minutes I stood there alone at the wheel, in my grasp the wildly careering schooner and the lives of twenty-two men. Once we were pooped. I saw it coming, and, half-drowned, with tons of water crushing me, I checked the schooner's rush to broach to. At the end of the hour, sweating and played out, I was relieved.

But I had done it! With my own hands I had done my trick at the wheel, driving a hundred tons of wood and iron through a few million tons of foam-capped waves.

My delight was in that I had done it, not in the fact that twenty-two men knew I had done it. Within the year over half of them were dead and gone, and yet my pride in the thing performed was not diminished by half. I am willing to confess, however, that I do like a small audience. But it must be a very small audience, composed of those who love me and whom I love. When I then accomplish personal achievement I have a feeling that I am justifying their love for me; but this is quite apart from the delight of the achievement itself. This delight is peculiarly my own and does not depend upon witnesses. When I have done some such thing, I am exalted. I glow all over. I am aware of a pride in myself that is mine and mine alone. It is organic; every fiber of me is thrilling with it. It is very natural. It is a mere matter of satisfaction at adjustment to environment. It is success.

Life that lives is life successful, and success is the breath in its nostrils. The

achievement of a difficult feat is successful adjustment to a sternly exacting environment. The more difficult the feat, the greater the satisfaction at its accomplishment. That is why I am building the *Snark*. I am so made. The trip around the world means big moments of living. Bear with me a moment and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called a man—a bit of vitalized matter, one hundred and sixty-five pounds of meat, blood, nerve, sinew,

bones, and brain, all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible and frail. I strike a light back-handed blow on the nose of an obstreperous horse and a bone in my hand is broken. I put my head under the water for five minutes and I am drowned. I fall twenty feet through the air and I am smashed. I am a creature of temperature. A few degrees one way and my fingers and ears and toes blacken and drop off. A few degrees the other way and my skin blisters and shrivels away from the raw, quivering flesh. A few additional degrees either way and the life and the light in me go out. A drop of poison injected into my body from a

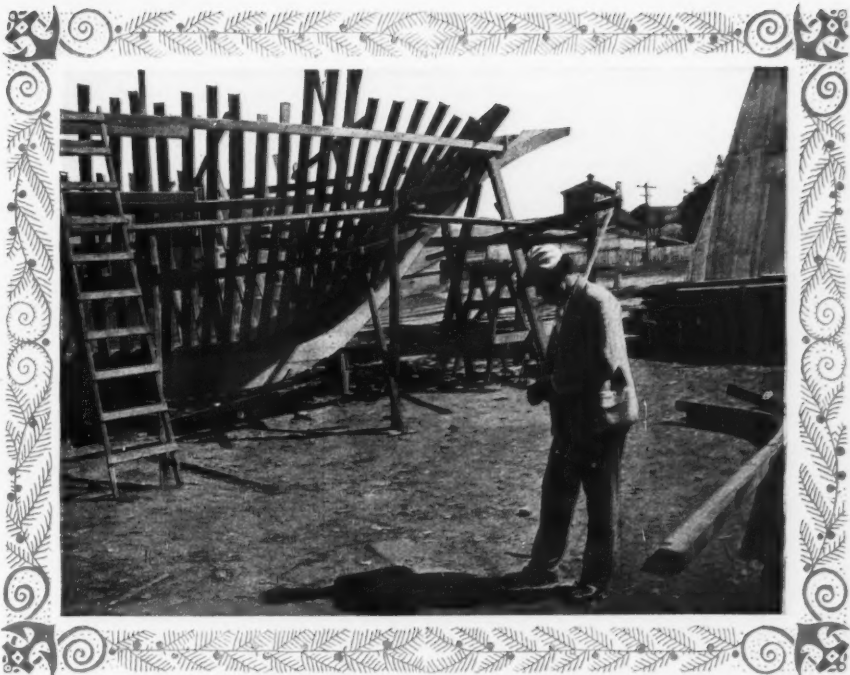


ROScoe EAMES—THE MATE

snake and I cease to move—forever I cease to move. A splinter of lead from a rifle enters my head and I am wrapped around in the eternal blackness wherein I am not.

Fallible and frail, a bit of pulsating, jelly-like life—it is all I am. About me are the great natural forces—colossal menaces, Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They have no concern at all for me; they do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful, and unmoral.





MR. LONDON PHOTOGRAPHING THE *SNARK*

They are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloudbursts, tide-rips and tidal waves, undertows and waterspouts, great whirls and sucks and eddies, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coasts and seas that leap aboard the largest craft that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea and to death—and these insensate monsters do not know that tiny, sensitive creature, all nerves and weaknesses, whom men call Jack London and who thinks he is all right and quite a superior being. And in the maze and chaos of the conflict of these vast and draughty Titans, it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them. The bit of life that is I, in so far as it succeeds in baffling them or in biting them to its service, will imagine that it is godlike. I dare assert that for a finite speck of pulsating jelly to feel godlike is a far more glorious feeling than for a god to feel godlike.

Here is the sea, the wind, and the wave. Here are the seas, the winds, and the waves

of all the world. Here is ferocious environment. And here is difficult adjustment, the achievement of which is delight to the small quivering vanity that is I. I like it. I am so made. It is my own particular form of vanity, that is all.

There is also another side to the voyage of the *Snark*. Being alive, I want to see, and all the world is a bigger thing to see than one small town or valley. We have done little outlining of the voyage. Only one thing is definite, and that is that our first port of call will be Hawaii. Beyond a few general ideas, we have no thought of our next port after Hawaii. We shall make up our minds as we get nearer. In a general way we know that we shall wander through the South Seas, take in Samoa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, and Sumatra, and go on up through the Philippines to Japan. Then will come Korea, China, India, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. After that the voyage becomes too vague to describe, though we know a number of things we shall surely do, and we expect to spend

from one to several months in every country in Europe.

The *Snark* is to be sailed. There will be a gasoline engine on board, but it will be used only in case of emergency, such as in bad water among reefs and shoals, where a sudden calm in a swift current leaves a sailing-boat helpless. The rig of the *Snark* is to be what is called the ketch. The ketch-rig is a compromise between the yawl and the schooner. Of late years the yawl-rig has proved the best for cruising. The ketch retains the cruising virtues of the yawl, and in addition manages to embrace a few of the sailing virtues of the schooner. The foregoing must be taken with a pinch of salt; it is all theory in my head. I have never sailed a ketch, nor even seen one, but the theory commends itself to me. Wait till I get out on the ocean, then I shall be able to tell more about the cruising and sailing qualities of the ketch.

There will be no crew; or rather Charmian, Roscoe, and I will be the crew. We are going to do the thing with our own hands. With our own hands we are going to circumnavigate the globe. Sail her or sink her, with our own hands we will do it. Of course there will be a cook and a cabin-boy. Why should we stew over a stove, wash dishes, and set the table? We could stay on land if we wanted to do those things. Besides, we shall have to stand watch and work the ship. And I shall have to work at my trade of writing in order to feed us and to get new sails and tackle and keep the *Snark* in efficient working order. And then there is the ranch; I've got to keep the vineyard, orchard, and hedges going.

As originally planned, the *Snark* was to be forty feet long on the water-line; but we discovered there was no space for a bathroom, and for that reason we have increased her length to forty-five feet. Her greatest beam is fifteen feet. She has no house and no hold. There is six feet of headroom, and the deck is unbroken save for two companionways and a hatch for'ard. The fact that there is no house to break the strength of the deck will make us feel safer in case great seas thunder their tons of water down on board. A small but convenient cock-pit, sunk beneath the deck, with high rail and self-bailing, will make our rough-weather days and nights more comfortable.

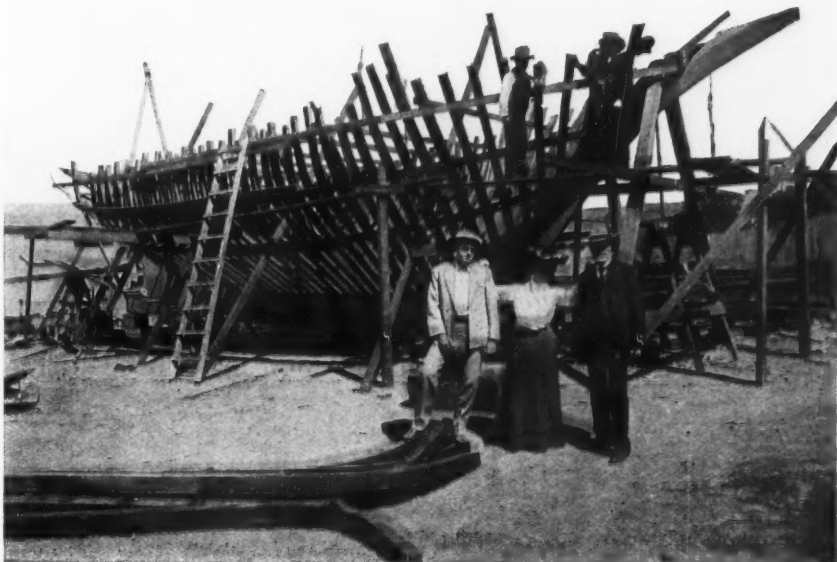
When we increased the length of the *Snark* in order to get space for a bathroom, we found that all the space was not required for that purpose. Because of this we increased the size of the engine. Seventy horse-power our engine is, and since we expect it to drive us along at a nine-knot clip, we do not know the name of a river with a current swift enough to defy us.

We expect to do a lot of inland work. The smallness of the *Snark* makes this possible. When we enter the land, out go the masts and on goes the engine. There are the canals of China, and the Yang-tse River. We shall spend months on them if we can get permission from the government. That will be the one obstacle to our inland voyaging—governmental permission. But if we can get that permission, there is scarcely a limit to the inland voyaging we can do. When we come to the Nile, why, we can go up the Nile. We can go up the Danube to Vienna, up the Thames to London, and we can go up the Seine to Paris and moor opposite the Latin Quarter, with a bow-line out to Notre Dame and a stern-line to the Morgue. We can leave the Mediterranean and go up the Rhone to Lyons, there enter the Saône, cross from the Saône to the Marne through the Canal de Bourgogne, from the Marne enter the Seine, and go out the Seine at Havre. When we cross the Atlantic to the United States, we can go up the Hudson, pass through the Erie Canal, cross the Great Lakes, leave Lake Michigan at Chicago, gain the Mississippi by way of the Illinois River and the connecting canal, and go down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. And then there are the great rivers of South America. We shall know something about geography when we get back to California.

People who build houses are often sore perplexed; but if they enjoy the strain of it, I advise them to build a boat like the *Snark*. Just consider for a moment the strain of detail. Take the engine. What is the best kind of engine—the two-cylinder? three-cylinder? four-cylinder? My lips are mutilated with all kinds of strange jargon, my mind is mutilated with still stranger ideas and is weary from traveling in new and rocky realms of thought. Ignition methods—shall it be make-and-break or jump spark? Shall dry cells or storage-batteries be used? A storage-battery com-

mends itself, but it requires a dynamo. How powerful a dynamo? And when we have installed a dynamo and a storage-battery, it is simply ridiculous not to light the boat with electricity. Then comes the discussion of how many lights and how many candle-power. It is a splendid idea. But electric lights will demand a more powerful storage-battery, which, in turn, demands a more powerful dynamo. And now that we have gone in for it, why not have a search-light? It would be tremen-

yet. The engine is powerful. We are two small men and a small woman. It will break our hearts and our backs to hoist anchor by hand. Let the engine do it. And then comes the problem of how to convey power for'ard from the engine to the winch. And by the time all this is settled we redistribute the allotments of space to the engine-room, galley, bath-room, staterooms, and cabin, and begin all over again. And when we have shifted the engine I send off a telegram of gibberish



THE SKIPPER, CREW, AND BUILDERS OF THE SNARK

dously useful. But the search-light needs so much electricity that when it is used it will put all the other lights out of commission. Again we travel the weary road in the quest after more power for storage-battery and dynamo. And then, when it is finally solved, some one asks, "What if the engine breaks down?" and we collapse. There are the side-lights, the binnacle-light, and the anchor-light. Our very lives depend upon them; so we have to fit the boat throughout with oil lamps as well.

But we are not done with that engine

to its makers at New York, something like this: "Toggle-joint abandoned change thrust-bearing accordingly distance from forward side of fly-wheel to face of stern-post sixteen feet six inches."

Just potter around in quest of the best steering-gear, or try to decide whether you will set up your rigging with old-fashioned lanyards or with turnbuckles, if you want strain of detail. Shall the binnacle be located in front of the wheel in the center of the beam? or shall it be located to one side in front of the wheel? There is room

for a library of sea-dog controversy. Then there is the problem of gasoline, fifteen hundred gallons of it. What are the safest ways to tank it and to pipe it? and which is the best fire-extinguisher for a gasoline fire? Then there is the pretty problem of the life-boat and the storage of the same. And when that is finished, come the cook and cabin-boy to confront one with nightmare possibilities. It is a small boat, and we will be packed close together. The servant-girl problem of landsmen pales to insignificance. We did select one cabin-boy, and by that much were our troubles eased. And then the cabin-boy fell in love and resigned.

And in the meantime how is one to find time to study navigation when he is divided between those problems and the earning of the money wherewith to settle the problems? Neither Roscoe nor I knows anything about navigation, and the summer is gone, and we are about to start, and the problems are thicker than ever, and the treasury is stuffed with emptiness. Well, anyway, it takes years to learn seamanship, and both of us are seamen. If we don't find the time, we'll lay in the books and instruments and teach ourselves navigation

on the ocean between San Francisco and Hawaii.

There is one unfortunate and perplexing phase of the voyage of the *Snark*. Roscoe, who is to be my co-navigator, believes that the surface of the earth is concave, and that we live in the inside of a hollow sphere. Thus, though we shall sail on the one boat, the *Snark*, Roscoe will journey around the world on the inside while I shall journey around on the outside. But of this, more anon. We threaten to be of one mind before the voyage is completed. I am confident that I shall convert him into making the journey on the outside, while he is equally confident that before we arrive back in San Francisco I shall be on the inside of the earth. How he is going to get me through the crust I don't know, but Roscoe is aye a masterful man.

P. S.—That engine! While we've got it and the dynamo and the storage-battery, why not have an ice-machine? Ice in the tropics! It is more necessary than bread. Here goes for the ice-machine! Now I am plunged into chemistry, and my lips hurt, and my mind hurts, and how am I ever to find the time to study navigation?



JACK LONDON AT HIS HOME, GLEN ELLEN, CALIFORNIA, STUDYING FOR HIS TRIP



## THE DREADFUL DARK

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

When the bonfires burn in the twilight skies  
And the clouds are all rimmed with red,  
The bold little hunter, with round, brave eyes,  
Is tucked in his trundle-bed.

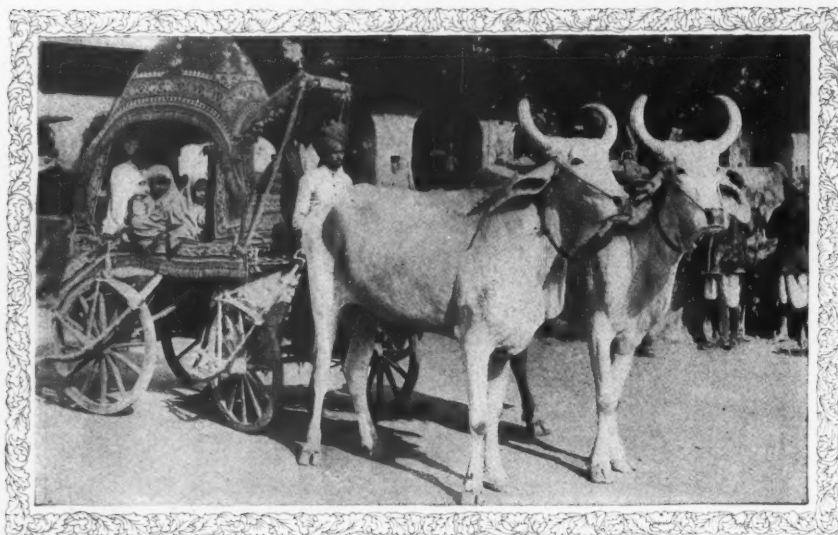
Then the old crow, light from his dusky wings,  
Shakes the shadowy gloom, and—hark!  
To the stealthy steps of the wolves and things  
That prow through the dreadful dark.

The wolves that the little boy meant to slay  
When next he should take the trail  
The slippery snakes that would sink away  
And the bears that would cringe and quail  
Are back of the bureau, and under the bed,  
And crouching behind the chair,  
Though the countenance covers his curly head,  
The hunter can feel them there.

Nearer and nearer the creatures creep  
Through the shadows along the floor,  
Till they vanish at last in a mist of sleep,  
And lo! it is day once more.

But little boy hunter, do share those tears  
And their shuddery joys with you,  
For when you are long back the years  
And drink their delight anew?





HIGH-CASTE WOMEN OF ULMAR DRIVING OUT IN A BULLOCK CARRIAGE

## Caste—The Curse of India

THE GREAT EMPIRE'S ANCIENT AND HIDEOUS SOCIAL SYSTEM STILL RETARDS PROGRESS, DISCOURAGES EDUCATION, AND DESTROYS AMBITION, WHILE HER BRITISH RULERS REMAIN INDIFFERENT

By Charles E. Russell

*Illustrated from copyrighted stereographs by Underwood & Underwood*

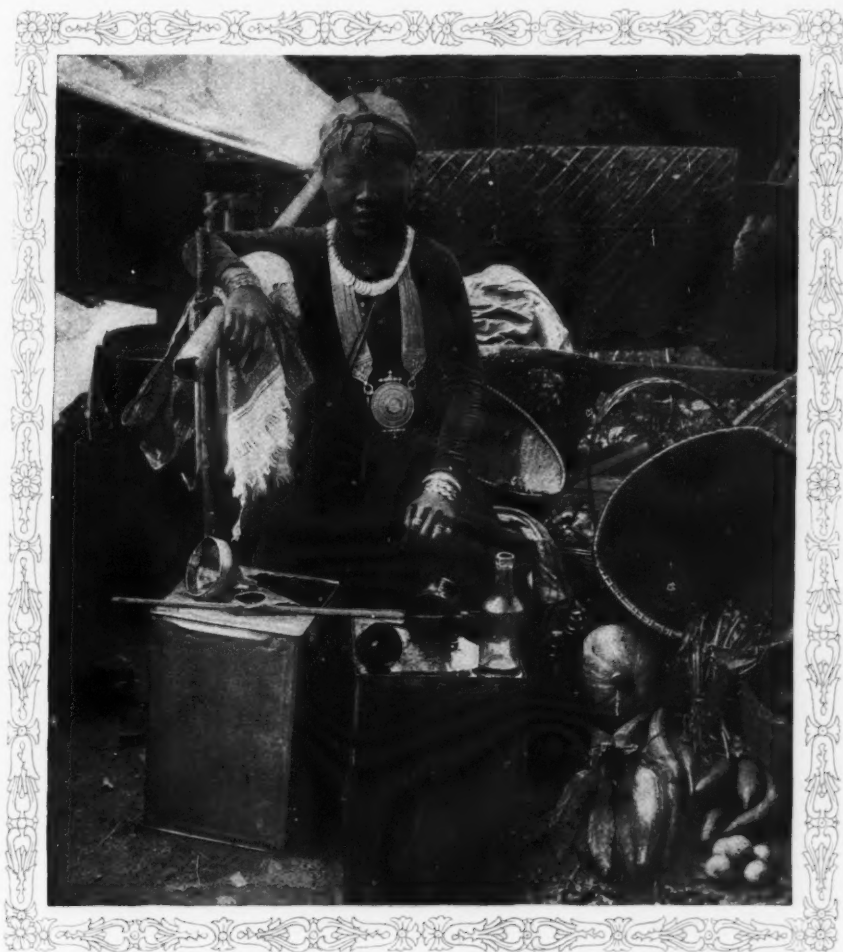
**F**ROM Rangoon that morning the steamer was to sail for England by way of Colombo. Before the tender left the wharf, the port doctor had aligned the cabin passengers for the plague, and with temperature bulb and pulse-searching fingers had countersigned each for health. Now, in his own boat, he came to the steamer, swinging far down the stream, to examine the crew. These, patient Moham-medans, had for an hour awaited him, standing in two long lines on the upper deck, starboard side, well aft. Deliberately he went along, feeling pulses and

noting temperatures, and as, with eloquent thumb but no word, he signaled approval to one after another, a dusky face would grin expansively and a joyous native leave the deck and dive below. But near the end of his labors he paused unusually long and made an unusually careful scrutiny. It was a young man, not much more than a boy, the searching fingers lingered on, and when he was waved aside, with a curt order to get his kit and go ashore, wild terror made his dark face livid and horrible to see.

From that moment he was a thing sealed for loathing and abhorrence. His companions of the fore-castle drew back from him, the observing passengers hurriedly shrank to right and to left, the white sailors gave

him a wide berth, and, as he reappeared with his little bundle, the first officer shrieked at him to keep to the other side of the deck. Down the swung stairway he crept, the palsied image of fear, his hands so tremulous he could barely cling to the

saw not one gleam of pity, not one show of help, and plainly overawed he crawled on. Once upon the tug, savage curses and bawled orders drove him aft and aft, until, with his bundle, he clung desperately outside the rail and just above the rudder.



NEPALESE GIRL SELLING STANDARD OIL, DARJILING

railings, his eyes wide and like glass, his knees seemingly scarce able to bear him up. Halfway down the side he paused and his terrified gaze swept the coldly menacing faces above him and below, while his lips worked dryly and men thought he would cry aloud. In all the eyes that met his he

And then, on the steamer, the first officer turned to soothe the cabin passengers. He said:

"It's nothing. You need not be alarmed. Nobody gets the plague but the blamed natives."

That was the word I was waiting for.



TYPICAL BRAHMAN PRIESTS



DRY-GOODS STORE IN THE PUNJAB



BURMESE BARBER AT WORK

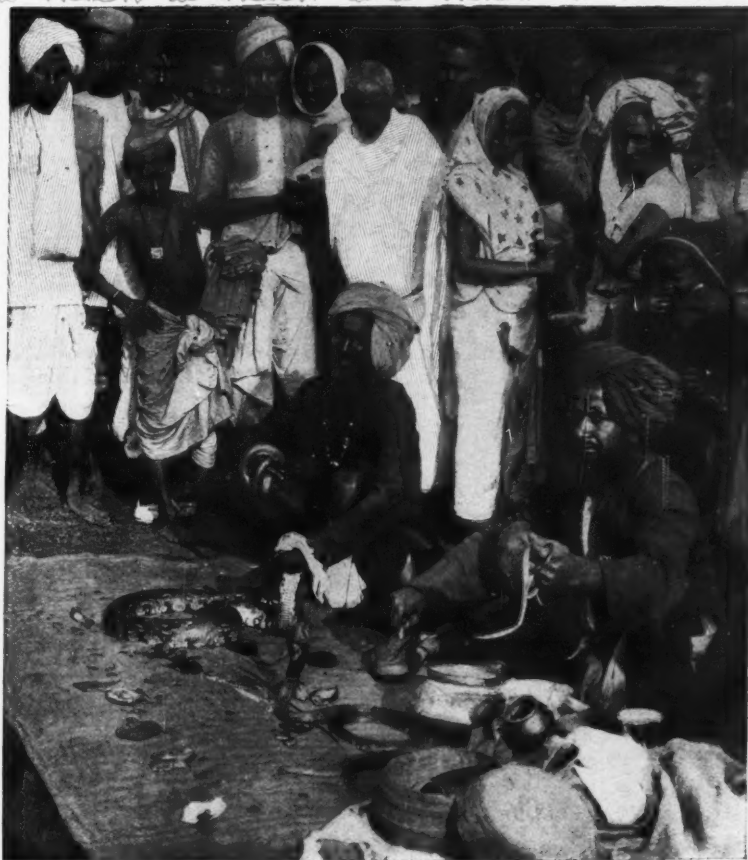


FRUIT-SELLER, DARJILING

I knew it was coming. Like insects, heat, and buffalo butter, it had been an inevitable feature of every Indian day. How many pictures the sound of it recalled! "But isn't the plague very bad in Rangoon, you know?" the cautious Briton had asked, in

plague. Nobody gets the plague except the natives."

At Agra I had asked the Cawnpur man whether the plague was not prevalent in his place, and he had whiffed his cigarette and answered:



A LOW-CASTE OCCUPATION—SNAKE CHARMERS IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA

the Calcutta tourist office. And the agent had replied, with scornful mien:

"Plague! What is the plague? We never think about the plague. Literally, we pay no more attention to the danger of catching the plague than to the danger of catching cold. Don't you worry about the

"I suppose likely it is, but, you see, we don't hear about it. The plague is confined entirely to the natives, so of course we don't know."

And day after day, whenever an English resident appeared, some one was certain to ask him,



HIGH-CASTE BURMESE MAIDENS WATCHING A STREET PROCESSION ON A FESTAL DAY



HIGH-CASTE WOMEN AT A GARDEN-PARTY, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, RANGOON



"How about the plague?"

And he was certain to reply,

"The plague is nothing—no one gets the plague but the blamed natives."

Yet of the "blamed natives" (men, women, and children; not dogs as you might infer) the plague in India carries off more than one million a year. One in fewer than three hundred dies of it annually. Month after month it goes spreading its way through the country, increasing its appalling death-lists, slaying more this year than it slew last year, certain to slay more next year than it slays this year. And the most pertinent answer to its existence is the almost universal refrain,

"No one gets the plague but the blamed natives."

When first the visitor to India hears that remark, he ascribes it to the eccentricity of one individual, perversely ambitious to shine as callous or flippant. At the one-hundredth repetition, he is obliged to admit that the sentiment is real and general. In the end he comes, however reluctantly, to the belief that, in spite of the humane instincts and conscientious labors of thousands of good men and women, the phrase is not far from typing the habitual, though doubtless unconscious, attitude of the governing class in India. Why bother us about the plague? The plague is an affair of the natives; they bring it upon themselves. What can we do?

Every year a thousand visitors to India, harassed on every side by evidences of the devastating epidemic, ask,

"What is the government doing to stamp out or stem this frightful disease?"

And a thousand times, if they pursue the inquiry, they find themselves driven in their own despite to the same answer,

"It is doing practically nothing."

Yet the experience of Europe through many centuries has proved that the plague can be annihilated by any country that will take the trouble to adopt the simplest measures of sanitation. Once it raged horribly through the Continent and in England. In London it caused the deaths of 117,435 persons in the first half of the seventeenth century; and in the great epidemic of 1665, chronicled by De Foe, 68,596 persons died of it. Visitations of the plague were wont to thin the population centers all over the Continent, where now its very name is forgotten. With no weapon but cleanliness,

governments in Europe made of plague epidemics an inert entry in the dusty annals of medicine.

In India the horrible thing stalks on almost unopposed. I know of no fact stranger, or less credible, or less welcome; but there it is, clear in the mortality figures, clearer still in the eyes of the observant visitor. We may say, if we please, that the problem is too vast, or too complicated, or too peculiar, or that the resources of the government are too small, or that the sum of money needed is too colossal. We can believe in the kindness, sympathy, and humane alertness of the gentlemen that conduct the affairs of India. We can say we feel sure that they will do all that human power can do to change such a terrible situation, and with that general statement rest content. Or we can push aside the whole subject as one at the other end of the world in which we have neither concern nor interest. But no excuse and no explanation changes in any way the awful fact. The only part of the civilized world in which controllable epidemics are left to hew their way, with slaughter more terrible than the slaughter of a hundred battlefields, is India.

Not that the government views the situation with absolute indifference; I do not mean that. In 1899 it appointed a commission of medical experts, some of the best and most enlightened men in Great Britain, to investigate the whole subject and devise means by which the epidemic could be suppressed or checked. I suppose that medical history contains hardly an instance of a better piece of investigation. From months of tireless inquiry in all parts of India, from thousands of witnesses, from the patient sifting of facts gathered with labor and peril, the commission compiled the model report for all such bodies. Conscientious, painstaking, complete, and perfectly lucid, it is an immense and invaluable work. The commission found that the safeguard against the plague is common sanitation, and that the way to suppress it is to introduce cleanliness and to stop overcrowding. More than that it could not do.

When the commission was appointed the annual plague deaths in India were fewer than one hundred thousand. When it made its report they were fewer than eighty thousand. Now they are more than one million.

In the face of this amazing record, I sup-

pose it would be superfluous to say that the recommendations of the commission have not been followed. No doubt it is a very good government, as we have been taught by English authorities to believe, and most capable in building railroads and beautiful courthouses. But the recommendations of the commission have not been followed, and since that report was made the annual plague deaths in India have increased thirteenfold.

Yet, as I have averred, the government remains not quite callous nor indifferent. It maintains a medical staff, whose business is to study the plague and report thereon. It has, at Bombay, a great and well-equipped station in which the bacteriological aspects of the plague are under ceaseless scrutiny. And it has a serum (Haffkine's), an injection of which is said to insure for six months immunity against infection. I made some inquiry about this serum. A young English medical officer told me it is really an excellent thing, but of little avail here because the natives do not like it. "You see," he said, "the plague is all the fault of the blamed natives. Now here is this serum. If they would come in and submit to the injection they would not have the plague."

"That seems reasonable," I said. "Why don't they come in?"

"Well, you see, they are so stupid. The first time the injection was tried there was some little error in the mixture, I don't know what, and the doctors shot it into a batch of eighteen, and all of them died in about ten minutes, and now the natives are prejudiced against it, and will not take it if they can avoid it. That is what you must contend with in India—stupid prejudice. It is the people's own fault if they have the plague. But you need not worry about it; nobody gets the plague but the blamed natives."

If it were only in regard to the plague that the government held its hand from the thing needful, you might think that the plague problem was too tremendous, that it overwhelmed the authorities, that no effort could stay the scourge. But the millions that die in India of absolutely unnecessary and easily preventable famines, and the other millions that die of preventable fevers and of the needless miasmas in Indian cities, attest that it is not merely the size of the plague problem that paralyzes the Indian government.

There is something radically wrong in this country. Take note of it. Elsewhere in the world, all lines of race and class division disappear before great disasters—shipwrecks, famines, epidemics, earthquakes, conflagrations. No one cares whether the distressed persons are of his own nation or circle; all are fired with the one blessed purpose to succor and relieve.

It is not so in India.

What is it that makes this glaring exception to the universal rule of human kindness? What is it that makes an epidemic in India of less concern than a threatened famine in a small area of Japan? Why is it of less moment that one million perish here of the plague than that one hundred die in Catalonia because of an earthquake? Why do the English residents, who are so kind, charitable, hospitable, compassionate in other respects, feel so little interest in the sufferings of their dark-skinned neighbors? In India the common ties of humanity have been crushed out by the perfected systems of class and rank. In India no man has any bond of brotherhood outside of his own order. In India hatred has taken the place of the instinctive interest in human welfare that elsewhere has been the uplifting power of mankind, and men, scorning those below them, scorned by those above them, live in isolated planes where alone they have human fellowship. In India the ideas of class division, class hatred, the supremacy of the idle and the inferiority of the toiler have been carried to their logical end. And this unconcern is the perfect fruit.

Elsewhere we know, or are beginning to learn, something of the strength and possibilities of these ideas. But elsewhere men are novices, botchers, apprentices in the science of caste: in India they know it all. There no man reared in this frightful doctrine feels sorry for another man burdened or stricken in the race of life until he knows whether that other man is of his own order. There, among the millions reared in this doctrine, human society is merely a succession of steps where every man hates and loathes the man below him and recognizes no bond nor obligation of humanity beyond his own level. With other men he can hold no intercourse. Just as with a certain degree of hatred he must look down upon the man one step below him, so that feeling must be multiplied as his eye traverses the descending scale. If, in the course of life

or affairs, it becomes necessary to transact business with the man on the lower step, he bawls his orders with every expression of abhorrence, and, wherever the influence of Europeans is not strong, if from his inferior he must take money, as in making change, the coins must be thrown upon the ground, whence he will stoop to gather them; receive them directly from the hand of his inferior he will not ever. No wealth that the inferior hand might hold and offer, and no relief that it might bring in time of direst distress, could make it other than a thing abhorred.

In the fixed scale of descent some classes are merely inferior, while some are "unclean," or "untouchable"; but from whatsoever class a man be born in he has no escape but death. Children born in an "unclean" caste remain "unclean"; children born in an inferior caste remain as their fathers were. Nothing that they can do can in the slightest degree change their situation. They were born "unclean"; their ancestors were "unclean"; their descendants will be "unclean" till the end of the chapter. And what is it that constitutes their "uncleanliness"? The fact that they work—nothing else. They may be most estimable persons, and of irreproachable life and habits. Centuries ago their ancestors labored with their hands; hence, now, these must labor with their hands. To labor with the hands, to do things useful and necessary in the world, to be of use, to produce, to add to the world's store of wealth and comfort, is "unclean." Hence, by all men that do not labor with their hands, all these must be despised. Nor can the per-

son thus degraded hope to change his occupation, and thus affect his status. He cannot hope that some day he and his children will cease to labor with their hands, and thereby cease to be "unclean." In India the son of a carpenter is a carpenter; the

son of a shoemaker is a shoemaker; the son of a barber is a barber; and the son's sons will continue the father's calling so long as the system lasts. Every artisan in India looks back upon a line of ancestors that followed his occupation, and knows that by no chance shall his son do otherwise than trace again his own toilsome steps. He knew from his earliest consciousness that this was so; that his place in life was absolutely fixed for him; that no excellence of work, nor mastery of his art, nor integrity of character, nor industry, nor zeal, nor skill, nor invention, nor discovery, nor improvement, nor celerity, nor knowledge, could change by the breadth of a hair the place that he should fill in the world so

long as the breath might remain in his body. He might become the best shoemaker in India, invent new ways of making shoes and new materials for them, amass wealth and gather learning, acquire all the lore of all mankind, become the most distinguished scientist of the age, and men of other nations might come long journeys to see and talk to him and treat him with respect; but in India he would still be a shoemaker, would still be "unclean," all the men of the ranks above him would turn from him with abhorrence, the touch of his hand would be contamination, and he must do reverence to every ignorant and greasy Brahman that came his way. And so must the lot of



A MAHARAJAH—ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN  
IN THE WORLD

his sons be till the last syllable of recorded time.

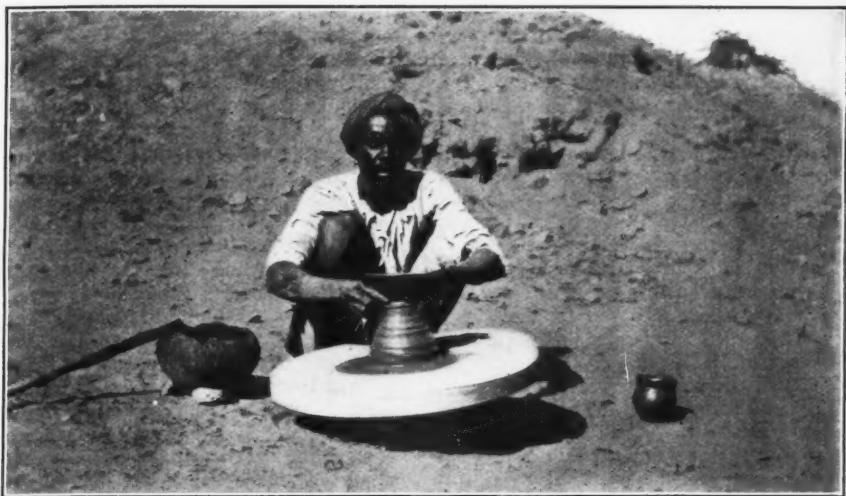
But while, in this most hideous and fatal system, all labor with the hands is degrading and all persons performing it are despised, different degrees of "uncleanliness" depend upon the character of the labor performed. Thus, to give a few illustrations from many, a weaver is less "unclean" than a carpenter, a carpenter is above a house-cleaner, a house-cleaner is above a street-cleaner, and a street-cleaner is above the pariah or no-caste man. Every trade or occupation has its exact place, arbitrarily fixed, in the scale of degradation. If a house-cleaner should sit on the same bench with another man and discover the other man to be a street-cleaner, he must hasten to the temple to be purified, and until he has been purified he has lost caste, he is degraded. If a carpenter, going home at night, should stumble over a shoemaker lying ill or wounded in the way, he must by no means render succor; he must flee to the temple to be absolved from the stain he has incurred. If a weaver, being thirsty, drink of a vessel and subsequently learn that the vessel had been touched by a carpenter, he must by purification restore his damaged rank. It is not enacted statute on the one hand, nor merely custom on the other; nor is it a matter of feeling or of personal dislike. It is religion and basic faith and iron custom, inviolate for hundreds of years, sanctioned, upheld, and strengthened by one government after another that has perceived its immense potentialities in dividing and restraining a subject people.

Above all the men that labor with their hands, in whatsoever way, are the tradesmen and shopkeepers, also with subdivisions into classes, above the tradesmen is the useless and now almost idle warrior class, above the warriors is the Brahman or priestly class, and with these grand divisions the structure of the system is complete.

Wealth or material situation or success has nothing to do with the caste of any man. You may hire for your cook or valet a Brahman of the purest strain serene, who for weeks before you engaged him may have been on the verge of starvation. The meager beggar to whom you toss alms in the road may be of a very high caste; the well-fed groom, resplendent in gorgeous livery, flashing by on a carriage that cov-

ers the beggar with dust, is very likely of a caste a mile below the beggar. Time no more than effort can break down these walls of division. One of the wealthiest and most distinguished families in Calcutta, the famous Tagore family, lost caste about two centuries ago. Members of this family have received honor from the government, have conferred great benefits upon city and country, and have been noted for their numerous charities and benefactions. One exerted himself all his life to further native education; another helped to endow Calcutta University. All are enormously rich, and all bear enviable reputations for goodness, honesty, and philanthropy. But the wall of caste has never fallen for them; they are still hated and avoided by their countrymen, exactly as they were at the beginning of their exclusion. In the streets of Calcutta is many a ragged artisan that would not sit on the same bench with a Tagore nor touch the end of his robe.

Pain, suffering, penury, even death itself, is nothing to the Hindu compared with the loss of caste. Many a Hindu that in the old days would yield nothing to the most fiendish tortures quickly surrendered his secrets when threatened with something that would contaminate him—a piece of cowskin, perhaps, or a glass of water that had been touched by a pariah. In, I suppose, thousands of cases, persons that have hopelessly lost their caste have abandoned their homes and wandered miserably along the roads until death overtook them. Thousands of others have thrown themselves into the Ganges, or deliberately starved. Three Brahman girls, who had been degraded by a Mussulman, went before a judge to demand vengeance, and when the judge declined to interfere killed themselves in the courtroom. At a town called Buj Buj, a widow lost caste by falling in love with a man beneath her. As loss of caste by one member of the family degrades the others also, her eldest son immediately swallowed poison and died, and his remaining brethren fled the country. A husband shares a wife's degradation; a wife goes down the steps with a husband. For more than one hundred years a Brahman family of Santipur has been out-caste because one member fell in love with the daughter of a shoemaker. Even when the rajah himself interposed to remove the ban his efforts were unavailing. The



BURMESE POTTER—A LOW-CASTE TYPE

barber would not shave them, the potter would not sell to them.

My bearer or guide through a great part of India, a Jabalpur man, told me this story. He said that in his town was a young man that had studied in the English schools, had associated with missionaries, and had gradually imbibed lax notions of caste and the orders of society. With one thousand other youths he had sat in a great shed of bamboo mats, and had taken the examination for the Bombay University. In preparing for that examination he had learned something about countries where men lived without the caste fetters, free to do as they pleased and make their own careers. And it seemed to him that the whole system of caste was rather foolish and useless. He was of the weaver caste, which is clean. He married the daughter of a man in the shoemaker caste. She also seems to have imbibed heresy, for, instead of having the wedding procession, the cradle carried through the streets, and the high-priced mummery of the priests, they went away and were wed in European fashion. When the young man's father heard of this he sent for his son and asked,

"My son, is it true that you have thus slain your father and mother and degraded them before all men by wedding out of your caste?"

The young man said that so far as the

marriage was concerned the statement was true enough, and the old man fell dead at his feet.

The bane of the system is enormous and manifold. That it has destroyed enterprise and paralyzed progress in India; that it has kept the Indian mind in the dungeons of the past; that solely because of it India lives now in the first century instead of the twentieth; that the system stands as the impassable barrier against every new idea—all this is only a part of its sum of evil. For it is because of this system that millions starve to death in India, and nobody cares; that the government tax-collector wrings from the toiling peasant his last drops of sweat and blood, and nobody cares; that these terrible pictures exist of wanton and riotous superfluity on the one hand and of want and pain on the other, and nobody cares; that the plague kills one person in every three hundred, and nobody cares. Why should we care about the sufferings of creatures that all our lives we have been taught to hate and to look upon as far lower than horses and dogs? How can we exert ourselves to relieve the necessities of those that we believe it pollution to touch or speak to?

But you may think the British government has nothing to do with all this; that the British government has no responsibility for caste in India. Not for its origin,



that is true; but for the continued existence of caste the British government has every responsibility. Next to the priesthood, the strongest influence that upholds caste and makes it the intolerable burden of India is the British government. Not a priest observes caste more scrupulously nor inculcates it more assiduously. Whatever the government has to do in relation to the Hindu is invariably done with exact regard to caste. In the prisons the prisoners have cooks of the right gradations of caste to prepare their food. In the army every precaution is taken to avoid treading upon caste prejudice. In famine times, when the government is issuing relief to millions, Brahman cooks are secured to prepare for starving Brahmans the food that will save them from death. Again and again, as in the street-car lines and the railroads, it has been proved that the government can, if it chooses, sap the root of this huge blight and destroy it; and consistently the government refrains from striking a blow. Why? Because it is caste alone that keeps India in subjection and makes British supremacy cheap and easy. Ask any intelligent Anglo-Indian; he will tell you. If there could be anything like solidarity or united feeling among the two hundred and ninety million Hindus, the crust of the volcano whereon Britain sits to extract the wealth of India would break through in five minutes. Much, of course, is to be allowed to the fact that, in the last analysis, the caste systems of India and of England are not truly alien; so that often the English resident in India is not particularly impressed with an essential difference in his environment. Yet, in estimating the causes for the strange apathy of the English conscience toward India, the investigator is left no doubt that, first of all, it springs from something else. For, having been long inoculated with this notion that caste must be sacredly maintained, that caste is the bulwark of British rule, that without caste "we should have to begin again the conquest of India," kind-hearted men, excellent men, compassionate men, become indurated to conditions they feel they must not attack. For the work that would eliminate the plague would utterly disregard and break through caste distinctions.

In other words, caste chains India a prey to the plague, as for centuries upon centuries it has chained India a prey to every

international thief and conqueror going, from Alexander to Clive. You read how Tamerlane drove like a knife through the country, his army a handful compared to the vast hordes that surrounded him; how with insignificant strength he placed his foot on India's neck and forced upon her a line of monarchs that ruled nearly four hundred years. You read how Nadir Shah, the Persian, with no more than one hundred and sixty thousand troops, mastered India, captured Delhi, and carried off the great peacock throne and inestimable riches. You read how the Mahrattas expelled the Mughals, and the English expelled the Mahrattas. You read how India wearied of British rule in 1857, and how a corporal's guard of British troops whipped India back to subjection. And now you see 140,000 people ruling 296,000,000, for the most part hating their rulers and feeling the tremendous revenue drain that their rulers exact, and yet submitting without a struggle to the foreign domination. And for all these mysteries is the one explanation—caste.

However much an Indian may resent the yoke of a foreign lord, he would, as a rule, rather submit than join hands with his inferior. However keenly the toilers of the country may feel the weight of the monstrous tax burden they bear, they will not unite to throw it off by force, and the British government withholds from their hands every other means by which they could redress their wrongs. Hence the spectacle of nearly three hundred millions of people taxed into periodic famine, and misgoverned into perennial epidemic.

Go among the Indian farmers and observe them plowing with crooked sticks and threshing with wooden flails, as their ancestors plowed and threshed four thousand years ago. Caste! Observe this great area of wonderfully fertile soil that produces so little and ought to produce so much. Caste! Go into the Indian workshops and see the artisans working metals or making brick, or weaving cloth with the implements of primitive man. Caste! Observe the incalculable waste of effort and energy, the huge unprofit of cheap and uninformed labor. Caste! Take note of this vast and joyless population, the men that stretch out their lives in barren toil for meager subsistence, the sad-faced women that never smile, the children that never play, the millions on millions of lives that never have

known hope, nor comfort, nor sufficiency. All caste! Why should a man seek better methods for his work, when he knows that no effort nor attainment can better his condition? Why should he try to improve his poor little mind, when he knows that he and his children are doomed to the one pit of misery for ever and ever? Why should he devise or adopt better instruments or cultivate more land or raise better crops or increase the earth's productiveness, when he knows that for him and for his children there is but this one prospect of a handful of rice and a hole wherein to crawl? Every invention that has blessed mankind has come from enfranchised poverty led on by opportunity and seeking to improve its condition. Where conditions are fixed immutably by birth, where poverty has no opportunity and democracy is unknown, there is no invention, no advance, no hope, no enlightenment, but men and women wallow on from birth to death, dull and listless as their beasts.

These, then, are the results of the idea that the men that labor with their hands are a class apart from and below the rest of mankind, when that idea is allowed to work itself out to its logical end. This is the result of class distinctions, when they are allowed to bear their natural fruit. How admirable seems the whole system, viewed in the light of India! You stand some day in Piccadilly; the police lines stop the traffic, the lower orders on the omnibuses are halted, and the sidewalks are filled with tip-toeing crowds because some royal princeling, the Duke of Muckamuck or the Prince of

Backstairs, is going out to drive. Beautiful sight is the Duke of Muckamuck going out to drive! So handsome look the outriders! So brilliant are the trappings! So important looks the duke! So inferior seem the common orders! Well, in India they have carried only a little further the idea contained in the stopped street traffic, the brilliant outriders, the beautiful duke. Only a little further, and here is a country of inexpressible wealth and bewildering resources made by its class divisions the hopeless prey of pestilence, famine, and misery as of every conqueror that has a long sword and a strong arm. It, too, has beautiful dukes and handsome outriders and glittering pageants, its men of vast wealth and gorgeous palaces and exalted rank. But when the invader came, all these were of no more defense than burnt paper; the only men that could have turned him back were the men that labored with their hands, whose strong backs were bent above the anvils, whose two hands kept the plow straight in the furrow. And of these men class barriers had made the union impossible; of these men ages of degradation had broken the spirit and warped the minds. Can a dog fight for his country? Is it possible a cur should have the strength and spirit and initiative to hurl back a Tamerlane? Frightful are the retributions exacted of the nation that wantons with autocracy. In the cases of Greece, Rome, Spain, France under her kings, they were memorable enough, but all of these together fade before the spectacle of troubled and soulless India.



A HIGH-CASTE TYPE



# The Broken Doll

## A Christmas Story of the Ghetto

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by HARRY A. LINNELL



**A**BRAM FINKLESTEIN, head of the big department store on Grand Street and treasurer of the congregation Beth Yeshirim, slowly laid down the newspaper which he had been reading, slowly turned around in his chair, and, peering over the rim of his glasses at the three little Finklesteins who stood in a suppliant row before him, asked, "Vot?"

There was no anger in his tone, nor even reproach; merely a note of mild amazement, as of a man who is absolutely sure that he has not heard aright. It was the oldest of the little Finklesteins who repeated the question.

"I said, papa, could we for to have a Christmas?"

So he had heard aright, after all. He felt the blood mount to his brain, and his hands began to tremble so violently he had to clasp the arms of his chair to hide his agitation. His lips moved, but so great was his anger he could not speak. The youngest Finklestein, a raven-haired, pink-cheeked girl of seven or eight, took advantage of the moment to supplement her sister's request with some information upon the subject.

"All the girlth in the thchool," she

lispd, "are going for to have a Chrith-math."

Then Abraham Finklestein found his voice. "Kritsmas?" he roared. "Are you crazy? Are you Goys? (Christians). What has a Jew got to do with Kritsmas? Is that what I get for sending you to school? Are you ashamed of your religion? Go to bed! Not another word! To bed—all of you! And never let me hear Kritsmas talked of again in this house." And, as far as Mr. Abraham Finklestein was concerned, the incident was closed.

Some few thousand years after the children of Israel were led out of bondage in Egypt, the Arnheims settled in Stanton Street, where life went ill with them. Ezra Arnheim struggled manfully, year in and year out, to keep his head above water, but the strain was too great, and when, finally, he was gathered to his fathers, the brunt of the battle for existence fell upon his wife, for Giza, their only child, was then only eight years old, and a girl of eight, as everyone in the Ghetto can tell you, cannot possibly earn more than a dollar a week in a sweat-shop. Arnheim's wife fought as courageously as only a mother can fight until she, too, had to give up, and that brings us right to the start of the brief episode that I am going to relate.

Giza had worked five years in a sweat-

shop, and was now thirteen years old. She was not a pretty girl. Her childhood had been starved, and if you had looked into her eyes you would have beheld a hungry soul. No one, however, had ever taken the trouble to look into Giza's eyes, and no one had ever bothered about her soul. For which, I suppose, there will, some day, be an accounting. But now her mother was ill, the charity of the neighbors had been strained to the utmost, and Giza went forth to find occupation that would yield sufficient income to keep her mother and herself alive.

It was the Christmas holiday season, and nearly all the stores on Grand Street, the great artery of the East Side, bore the magic placard, "Help Wanted." By chance—or was it, perhaps, the design of the particular angel that ruled the destiny of Giza Arnheim?—her footsteps led her straight to the store of A. Finklestein & Co., where the sign, "Cash Girls Wanted for the Holidays," seemed to hold out arms of joyful welcome to her. The manager's eyes opened wide. The blouse which Giza wore had once been a boy's—a charitable neighbor had given it to her—and through

a wide gap in the sleeve the manager beheld a very gaunt and very dirty shoulder. The child was shivering with cold, and her lips were blue; but her eyes shone bravely.

"Are those the best clothes you have?" he asked.

Giza's eyes rose to his trustfully. "Oh, no," she replied. "I have a elegant Shabbas (Sabbath) dress, all green with red bows on."

The manager was a busy man, and his mind was occupied with the multifarious exactions of his petty position. And it wasn't much of a mind at its best. Also his experience had made him callous. But he said to Giza,

"Go home and put on your Shabbas dress and then come back."

And the moment he had said it and had turned his head he promptly forgot all about her. It would have been equally natural for him had he shaken his head and said, "Very sorry, but we have no positions left." And the notion of philanthropy never occurred to him; it just happened that for an infinitesimal fraction of time and without rime or reason the spirit of charity, of humanity—or call it what



"KRITSMAS?" HE ROARED. "ARE YOU CRAZY?"

form of kindness you wish—perched upon his soul and gave impulse to his thought. The crafty beggar, the professional tramp, the outcast and the downtrodden all know these impulses. They know that they come, suddenly and unexpectedly, upon even the most callous, the most heartless, of men. Your careless man may pass ten mendicants with absolute heedlessness, and give to the eleventh. It is merely one of the accidents of life. Only, sometimes it changes the whole current of our existence.

Giza came back in her Shabbas dress, and the manager stared at her and even began to shake his head, when he suddenly remembered and said:

"Ah, yes. You're the little girl who was here before."

Then he called a subordinate and told him to take the girl upstairs and put her to work. Giza was given a place in the toy department.

There, now, you have the apotheosis of humor. Giza Arnheim, starved in body and soul, who had never known the joys of childhood, who had been born and reared amid struggle and want, who had almost grown old in her cradle, was set to work among toys. All day long her task was to run hither and thither, from counter to cashier's desk, with children's toys before her, around her, and on every side of her. Wonderful toys, marvelous toys, they were; not contrivances of human device, but creations of fairyland. There were big toys and little toys, wooden toys, iron toys, and toys of wool and silk, miniature railroad trains and steamboats, wonderfully colored picture books, toy pianos, houses, cooking-utensils, skates, paint-boxes, animals, and fans, gay strings of beads of all sizes and colors, and—dolls! Above all, most wonderful and most glorious of all, were the dolls. When Giza's eyes first beheld the army of dolls that filled a whole row of counters the blood left her face and her heart almost ceased to beat. It was as if, without preparation, she had unexpectedly been thrust into the Promised Land with all the dazzling joys of paradise spread out before her.

Some one came and pinned on her a badge bearing the number "38," and she heard a voice faintly, as from a great distance, explaining to her the duties of her position.

All the vast room was filled with the bustle and rustle and clamor of the moving throng of Christmas shoppers, but Giza, with parted lips and head crouched hungrily forward, could not take her eyes from that riot of dolls—blue-eyed dolls, brown-eyed dolls, black-eyed dolls, dolls of every conceivable form and complexion, some smiling, some frowning, but most of them staring with that vacuous, unblinking expression which seems to be the heritage of the doll race. Some of them had jointed limbs that were twisted in all sorts of attitudes, and some of them had their eyes closed in slumber. And, oh, the clothes they wore!—pink and blue and white and violet dresses with ribbons and laces and tiny hats and little shoes with fancy buckles on them. Giza stood entranced. Suddenly she felt a tap on the shoulder, and, looking up, encountered the stern gaze of a floor-walker.

"Wake up, '38,'" he said. "Don't you hear the saleslady calling 'Cash'?"

Giza shivered and went about her work. Several times during that first day they had to rouse her from her trance-like contemplation of the dolls' counter, but so great was the rush of holiday trade that, with the exception of an occasional moment of irritation on the part of a saleswoman over Giza's delay in answering her summons, the child's abstraction passed unnoticed. And before the second day had passed Giza had taken her mechanical place in the machinery of the big store. When they called her she came. They gave her the customers' money to take to the cashier's desk, and she brought back the change. She was quick, and rarely kept either customer or saleswoman waiting an instant longer than necessary, so, like most efficient servants, her presence was hardly noticed. She was quiet and unobtrusive, and no one paid the slightest attention to her. As far as the operations of A. Finklestein & Co. were concerned, she worked like a well-constructed automaton, fourteen hours a day. And when she went home at night every bone and muscle in her little body ached, for she had been on her feet all the livelong day. But she was happy. Her heart throbbed with a new joy of life. For fourteen hours each day she was living in fairyland.

After the first bewildering impression of that chaos of dolls had passed, the various



counters with their multicolored display gradually took orderly form in Giza's mind, and this, in turn, was succeeded by a sense of familiarity. Each doll began to assume its proper individuality; she could tell one from another, and one glance at the counter told her what dolls had been purchased and taken away and what newcomers had arrived from the storeroom in the cellar, to take the vacant places. In the course of the first week nearly every doll that was in the store when Giza came there had been sold, the apparently inexhaustible stock in the storeroom constantly replenishing the counters.

There was one doll, however, that no one seemed to want to buy, a pariah of that doll community that every shopper had cast aside. Each morning Giza found this outcast in the same place, more or less disheveled from the contemptuous flings aside it had gone through the day before, but valiantly patient and uncomplaining. And gradually its loneliness began to appeal to Giza, and those very qualities that marked it for the disapprobation of every shopper touched the chord of sympathy in Giza's heart and aroused a feeling of affection which the child had never known before. It was a doll with only one eye. A gaping hole where the missing eye had been told the story of some great calamity in the doll's past. In addition to the missing eye, the hair that had once covered the doll's pink head had vanished, leaving nothing but a splash of dried glue in its place. And, crowning all these miseries, one arm, which had once moved freely in its socket, was now fastened in place only by a pin. In the heyday of its existence it could never have been a beautiful doll. It was very small and not well shaped and the pink of its cheeks looked as if it had been put on in the dark, for it covered one ear and ran well down over the chin. And



SHE TOOK THE DOLL FROM THE CUSTOMER'S HAND, AND  
BEGAN TO UNTIE THE STOLEN HAT

now, in its crippled state, it was as forlorn and ugly a doll as you could possibly imagine. But Giza began to love it. Of all the dolls in the store Giza's heart selected this one as her very own. Whenever she thought herself unobserved she would pass a caressing hand over its cheek and tenderly smooth its clothes. Frequently, after a busy hour at the dolls' counter, she would rescue her one-eyed favorite from beneath a suffocating heap of dolls and place it in safety in the most obscure nook she could find, whispering, all the while, the sweet, caressing terms of endearment which a mother lavishes upon her baby child. And all the words she whispered while her heart was overflowing with mother love are written down in the Great Book.

Several times, during the cold winter nights, Giza woke from her sleep with a cry of distress. She had dreamed that her doll had been sold and was no longer in its place.

"Are you ill?" her mother would ask in her feeble voice, and Giza would try to smile in the darkness and answer bravely:

"Don't worry, mama. I was only dreaming. I will soon be asleep again."

But for hours she would lie awake in that cheerless room, with the tears streaming silently down her cheeks; and in the morning she would almost run the entire distance to the store, eager to dispel the cruel fear which filled her heart. And, oh, the joy with which she would behold her one-eyed doll in its old place! And the tenderness with which she would fondle it! Then the blood would course more briskly through her veins, her eyes grow radiant with happiness, and all her being become animated with new life.

One day she robbed a gaudy-looking

doll of its hat to cover the bald pate of her one-eyed darling, but when, upon returning from an errand a few moments later, she beheld a customer critically examining her doll as if contemplating purchasing it, her heart sank. Giza glanced around her hastily. The floor-walker was not in sight and all the saleswomen were occupied. She stepped forward excitedly, took the doll from the customer's hand, and began to untie the stolen hat.

"It's a mistake," she said, trying to smile. "See? The hat don't belong by this doll. It goes by the stylish doll over there."

And the customer, with one glance at the bald, glue-covered head of the one-eyed doll, turned away to inspect others. After that Giza never again tried to adorn her doll.

The days flew by and Christmas was drawing near and the crowd of shoppers in the store was increasing daily. And one morning Giza came to the store pale and trembling, with great dark circles under her eyes. When she saw that her doll was still in its place she smiled, but she was almost too weak to demonstrate her affection. For she had awakened from such an awful dream the night before that she had been unable to sleep again and had lain, wakeful, huddled under the scanty bed-clothes, for nearly seven long hours. She had dreamed that she was adorning her doll with the most beautiful clothes that any doll had ever worn. The doll had suddenly recovered its missing eye, thick, beautiful golden hair had begun to grow on its head, and she was in the very act of fastening a necklace of pink beads around its neck when the floor-walker appeared before her, tore the doll from her hands, and crushed its head beneath his heel. Even in the store, with the doll before her eyes, she could not entirely recover from the feeling of depression which had succeeded the shock of the dream, and all that morning she went about her work wearily and nervously, and, ever and anon, the tears would start to her eyes.

It was upon this morning that the pastor of the Protestant church in the neighborhood, accompanied by several of the teachers of his Sunday-school, came to the store to buy a large quantity of toys for the church's Christmas festival. As a mark of respect for so liberal a customer, Mr.



THE FLOOR-WALKER DANCED OBSEQUIOUS ATTENDANCE UPON THE GROUP

Abraham Finklestein, *in propria persona*, conducted the party through the store, occasionally calling their attention to the rare bargains which he had to offer, and, at times, even reducing a price as an inducement to the clergyman to buy a larger quantity. The floor-walker danced obsequious attendance upon the group, and many of the saleswomen gathered around to chant the praises of the wares and to utter exclamations of amazement at the lowness of the price which Mr. Finklestein was foolish enough to set upon particular bargains.

At the dolls' counter the clergyman consulted a slip of paper which he held in his hand. "We will need quite a number of dolls," he said. "I should say about a hundred and fifty."

Mr. Finklestein rubbed his hands. "Pick out vot you like," he said, "unt I will make a special brice vot vill be a great satisfaction to you."

The clergyman began to pick up a doll here and a doll there; then he picked them up by twos and threes; finally, he gathered them up in armfuls, and the saleswomen took them from him and arranged them in a heap upon a table. Counter after counter was quickly exhausted of its stock, and when, at last, the one hundred and fifty had been selected, the counter from which the last had been taken contained only five dolls. With a sweeping gesture of liberality, Mr. Finklestein picked up these and threw them magnanimously upon the table.

"Dere!" he exclaimed. "Dese vill go in for good measure."

With a wild, inarticulate cry, a white-faced little girl, trembling with excitement, pushed through the group, seized from the table a doll thrown there by the proprietor, a doll with only one eye, clutched it fiercely to her breast, and raising two great, blazing, defiant eyes to Finklestein's face, gasped hoarsely:

"No! no! no!"

Finklestein's eyes and mouth opened in amazement, and all the group gazed in bewilderment at the girl. The floor-walker was the first to recover. Advancing to Giza's side, he said sharply:

"Here! What do you mean? Put that doll down!"

He was about to lay his hand on the doll when the clergyman interrupted.

"Wait a moment," he said. He put his



HE PUT HIS HAND ON GIZA'S HEAD AND LOOKED LONG AND INTENTLY INTO HER FACE

hand on Giza's head and looked long and intently into her face. Her glance never quailed. Then he stooped until his face was level with hers and, in a voice as gentle as a woman's, said,

"Tell me all about it."

Giza's lips moved. She tried to speak. A tear trickled down her cheek, then another and another, and, without a word, her head fell forward upon the clergyman's shoulder and she burst into a torrent of weeping that shook all her frail body. For a long time Finklestein stood stroking his beard, gazing bewilderedly at the strange scene; then he looked up and encountered the gaze of the floor-walker.

"Tam!" he exclaimed. "Haf you no vork to do? Get away!"

The saleswomen were quick to take the hint, and the group silently melted away. Then Finklestein, walking on tiptoe, approached the clergyman and, in an awed whisper, asked:

"Vot iss der matter? Iss she sick?"

The clergyman motioned to him to withdraw, and Finklestein stepped back a dozen paces, but he could not take his eyes from the weeping girl. Presently he saw that the clergyman was whispering into her ear. Gradually her weeping became less violent, and, with many a gulp and sob, she tried to whisper her explanation to the clergyman. Presently, to his amazement, he saw that the clergyman's eyes were wet, and, about this time, Mr. Finklestein decided that the best thing he could do was to withdraw to his office. And there, some ten minutes later, the clergyman found him, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, staring, in deep reverie, at the ceiling.

"It's a very sad story," the clergyman said. "But she must have that doll, so I have given it to her as a Christmas present. I'm going to see her mother this afternoon. In the meantime, I wish you would put that doll on a separate bill."

Finklestein waved his hand. "Oh, dot iss all right. Dot iss for good measure."

But the clergyman shook his head determinedly. "I would prefer to pay for it. It's a Christmas present from me."

"But she is a Jehuda," said Finklestein.

The clergyman smiled. "My dear sir, she is a child," he said.

Abraham Finklestein sat for nearly an hour with the unlighted cigar between his teeth, gazing blankly at the ceiling. Before him rose the picture of a frail, dark-eyed girl clutching a broken doll to her breast. And somehow or other, drawn up like soldiers in a row behind her, stood his three children, gazing pleadingly into his eyes. "They are Jews," whispered a voice. But another voice, far sweeter, murmured,

"They are children."

"Are you busy, Mr. Finklestein?"

His manager stood before him with a bundle of papers in his hands. Finklestein gazed at him a long time without replying. Then he took from his pocket a match, slowly lit his cigar, and said,

"Find out vot iss der best toys vot ve haf got left."



Jesus called a little child unto him, and said, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

## The Grind Behind the Holidays

THE FOURTH PAPER IN THE SERIES OF "THE HOE-MAN IN THE MAKING," IN WHICH MR. MARKHAM IS LAYING BARE THE INHUMAN CRIMES OF THOSE WHO EMPLOY CHILDREN FOR PROFIT

By Edwin Markham

*Author of "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems"*

Illustrated by WARREN ROCKWELL



IN the year 1212 a wild call thrilled over Southern Europe—a call for the children to gather into bands and march away to the far-off Holy Land. The word went out over Christendom that only the children could conquer the Saracen and recover the Sepulcher; that only "the pure in heart" could recover the blessed Tomb from the Paynim hordes. The little ones must join the Holy War! And for all who lived through the perilous adventure, there waited a place of honor in the hearts of men; and for all who died in battle, there waited the vacant places in heaven left of old by the fallen angels!

So from cradle and hearth, from hill and field, the children gathered into armies and marched away. Up the Rhine and over the Alps, down the Rhone and over the Pyrenees, they trailed and trooped, weary and wondering, halt and heavy-eyed, hurrying on, ever on, at the mystic call. Thirty thousand from France, under the boy Stephen; twenty thousand from Germany, under the boy Nicholas; fifty thousand strong, the "children's crusade" poured on toward holy Palestine. Hundreds perished of fatigue and homesickness on the stony roads; hundreds more

went down at sea; hundreds more were sold into Mohammedan slavery. The agonies of those little ones have never been recorded; the waste of the hope and joy that went down with them has never been computed. Fifty thousand precious lives were poured out—a flood of bright waters lost in the desert sands.

Let any cause to-day, in whatever mistaken devotion, dare to call a host of little children to such an open field of death, and how soon the majesty of public opinion and the sovereignty of the law would smite the criers and hush the presumptuous pleading! Yet the mysterious and awful mandate of some Power has gone out over our own land, summoning our little ones from shelter and play and study, summoning them to a destruction less swift, less picturesque, less heroic, but hardly less fatal, than that medieval destruction. Greed and Gain, grim guardians of the great god Mammon, continually cry in the ears of the poor, "Give us your little ones!" And forever do the poor push out their little ones at the imperious ukase, feeding the children to a blind Hunger that is never filled. And the spell of material things is so heavy on the hearts of all of us that scarce a protest goes up against this betrayal of youth, this sacrifice of the children in factory, store, and shop.



At Christmas time the little workers block the way.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." So spake the Friend of Children, he who cried out terrible words against those "who devour widows' houses," and those "who walk over graves." "Suffer little children to come unto me!" A trustful man from Mars, recalling this sweet old mandate, might think, as he wandered about our streets, that we are a very loving and mindful people. For, on many of the portals of our big business houses, he would see the fatherly assurances: "Small boys wanted," "Small girls wanted." This might seem to him like a faithful following of the old invitation of Jesus; he would not know that there are *two* voices calling to our children—Christ's and Mammon's.

"Small" children are wanted, you will notice, not "young" children; for the inconvenient law declares, in some quarters, that young children shall not be drawn into these devouring doors. "Small" children are called for; and who can deny the factory pasha's right to fix the stature of his workers? Can it be possible that "small" children mean small wages and large profits? And at Christmas time—"the children's time," as we call it in our soft rhetoric—the march of this army of little workers is heaviest; it is then that the feet falter most wearily. You cannot, in any city, at *any* season, go upon the streets too early nor too late to miss the tired recruits of this children's army. Between seven and eight in the morning, and between six and seven in the evening, you see them sprinkling the ways of traffic, flying to or from their work. But at Christmas time this army of little conscripts suddenly increases. On the streets; in halls and elevators; in offices, stores, and cellars; in workshops and factories—in almost every industry we have built for luxury or utility, thousands of little feet and hands and brains are there to serve and suffer.

It is, however, in the box, the confectionery, and a few other factories that the masses of the children throng. It is in these that the hours are longest, the drive hardest, and the pay scantiest. Nowhere else is there a harder fate for the little holiday workers save only among the bundle-

packers, the cash-girls, and the delivery-boys in the large retail stores.

A thing so dainty and delicate as confectionery, we are slow to associate with drudgery and weariness. The lucent, glistening piles of the Christmas shops, little delectable mountains flavored with every hiving from Attica to San Diego, and tinted and scented with the cheerful May time—all this ambrosial stuff might seem to have come, like flower and fruit and comb, out of the ever-springing joy of nature. Yet this trade, which employs more people than milling, canning, or meat-packing, is one of the industries in which little children are found to be most efficient and desirable. The candy-factory of the cheaper grade is a place swarming with little ones, especially girls. It is a place where children are worked cruelly long hours to fill orders; where the work is murderously monotonous; where health and character are broken down.

Three months before Christmas the smaller confectionery establishments call in troops of little children and begin full work and overtime work, making ready for this brave pomp of the holidays. There must be preparation for the bulging paper sack and the swollen tarlatan bag of the Christmas tree, for the bottle of striated sticks, and the pudgy "sucker" with its noble lasting quality. Tons upon tons of candy must be prepared for the holiday markets. What irony of civilization is this—one band of children wasting their bodies and souls to make a little joy for the rest! What sardonic mind conceived this caricature of justice, this burlesque of life?

"Dipping" chocolates, that is, plunging bits of candy into a vat of boiling chocolate, a fraction of an ounce at a time, but totaling one hundred pounds in a day, at a half-cent a pound—this is one of the tasks of candy-making that a small girl can do. For a while it is fun to dip the tidbit, and fish it out, and set it away neatly coated; quite as fine a game as making mud-pies. And the girl may eat as many pieces as she pleases, till comes that sudden and horrid day when she renounces chocolates forever. But the pretty game palls after ten hours of bending in the same position, ten hours of using the same set of muscles in the one little arc of motion from the vat to the shelf. The odor, too,



WHEN MACHINERY ANNEXED BOX-MAKING TO ITS LONG LIST OF INDUSTRIES, IT DREW THE HELPLESS CHILDREN INTO THE TRADE

grows nauseating. But, worst of all, in the cheaper shops with utensils unprotected by asbestos, the poor little legs under the table, hugged up to the big, hot pot sunken beneath the surface, begin to get burned. "Quick, quick, sister," a visitor at the home of one of these candy-workers heard one of the little home-comers cry. "Quick, sister; it is awful to-night." And her big sister, without further intimation, ran for the vaseline bottle, and there on the little legs were the ever-renewed scars and blisters of her cruel trade.

Another hardship falls on the girls handling caramels. I refer to the continuous passing with the trays from the cooking- to the refrigerating-rooms, the sudden transition from a ninety-degree atmosphere to one of only twenty. Physicians who tend these stooped, hollow-chested children find in this sudden changing of temperatures a fruitful cause of the lung and bronchial troubles that pursue these fated workers.

In five large candy-factories of New York city the regular day's work is from seven-thirty to seven-thirty, with a half-hour for luncheon. But in the "rush" season the time goes on till nine or ten in the evening. For overtime the little ones get from five to seven cents an hour. The work done by the children, if done in a fair temperature and for a brief time, would not be any harder than "Pom, pom, pull away," or "King George's Army." But when the lifting aggregates hundreds of

pounds in a day, when the steps multiply into miles and leagues, when time is stolen, not only from play, but also from rest and sleep, the problem grows appalling.

The ventilation in some of these cheaper places is abominable. The odors of the different candy flavors and the smells of burnt sugar all mix into a nauseating blend. "Sometimes," says Gussie, a candy-maker who abominates candy, "sometimes the smells are awful. Maple sugar is one. Oh, barrels of maple sugar in a hot room all day long—it is the limit! Our heads ache and ache. Lots of girls faint with the heat and the smells."

The candy-making of the factories is pieced out with home-work in the tenements—a work that saves the manufacturers rent and storage and overseers. Hundreds of pounds of candy are given out to the parents and children of the tenements, to be taken home and wrapped bit by bit in paper, or boxed for the stores. Picking nuts from the shells is a chore that can be done by anyone. A child is seldom too sick to work at this. The cough of tuberculosis interrupts only for a moment, and convalescents from diphtheria or scarlet fever are soon able to take the meats from the broken shells. Miss Mary Sherman describes one of the tenement-house factories, one that supplies candy-makers and grocers, and makes a specialty of the "health foods." She testifies that a dozen young Italian girls were picking out, sorting, and packing nuts at six cents a pound; also stuffing dates and other



ONE BAND OF CHILDREN WASTING THEIR BODIES AND SOULS TO MAKE A LITTLE JOY FOR THE REST

fruits with nuts. She says: "The workers were, without exception, dirty. Their hands were filthy. One girl whom I watched for a long time separating nuts had ulcers covering the backs of her hands."

When machinery annexed box-making to its long list of industries, it made possible the manifold and swift manufacture of boxes, and drew the helpless children into the trade. The Christmas demand greatly increases the call for boxes for packing, for perfumery, for candy, and for a hundred other uses, frivolous or important. The cheap factories producing these boxes begin in the fall to run full time and overtime, in preparation for the holiday rush. Day-schools in working districts are thinned out at this season in the hurried begira to the box-factories. Night-schools, the schools for the very poor, are thinner

still, for the children are kept working at night.\* The inspectors, always too few, are simply overwhelmed by the inrush to the holiday work. No child under fourteen is allowed by law to labor in factory or shop in New York state. But many parents, pressed by poverty or cupidity, are eager to mint their children into a little miserable money. To do this they must have a certificate; and they seldom halt at the easy oath that brings the "work paper." A child sometimes uses the certificate of an older sister or a friend; or a "wise" mother borrows a neighbor's larger child to impersonate her own before the notary, who frequently is interested only in "raking in" his little fee. The overseer of the factory never questions the certificate; the words of the paper protect him.

Four or five dollars a week is all a girl,

\* The revised child-labor laws that became effective in New York state on the first of last October prohibit absolutely the employment of children under the age of sixteen after seven o'clock in the evening. It is to be hoped that the public will coöperate with the inspectors in securing the strict enforcement of this important step toward the abolition of child labor.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

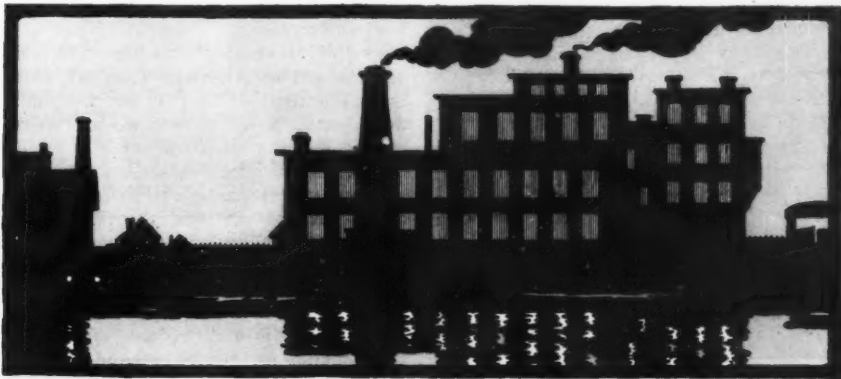
with her utmost energy, can earn at box-making. The littlest girls get only two and a half or three dollars. As box-workers are in great demand, and as the work requires no skill and only a day or two of apprenticeship, the children crowd in and are worked under the worst conditions.

I went into a box-factory near noon one day last summer. As the box-making machinery is comparatively light, any old ramshackle building will do for a factory. A structure full of workers fell apart on the Bowery one day and crippled three little girls. The ladder-like stairways of the dingy old building that I visited would give scant hope of safety in case of panic. This factory has a bad record with inspectors. It is a concern devoted exclusively to the manufacture of that most important receptacle, the cigarette-box. I went up narrow, dark stairs gaumy with paste. Everywhere the open barrels of paste gave out the sickening, sour odor that is always in the nostrils of the workers. The front windows were full of broken panes, panes unended for years. These openings made no difference in summer; but in winter, as there is but one stove to a floor, even the "good" girls may be forgiven for complaining of the chill and for asking for some way to keep the paste from freezing on their fingers.

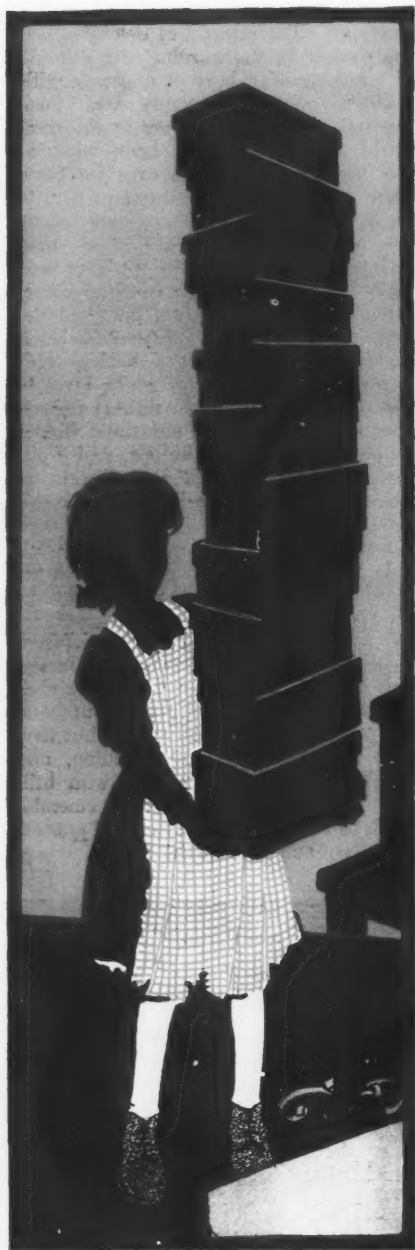
Four floors of the factory were used as workrooms. Many work-benches were empty. But work is slack in summer; besides, I had been officially detained below by the suave proprietor, while he

inquired my name, my station, and my intentions. The interval of detention was long enough for the warning of a bell and the scurrying of a bevy of underage girls to hide on roofs or in empty cases. Such a scramble frequently occurs at the coming of inspectors. The back windows have been found a safe escape for boys. There were a few sallow, haggard men in the factory; but the workers were chiefly girls, each larger one having a small satellite as a helper. Have you ever seen this box-making? A hyena of a machine, with one shut of the jaws, bites out the parts of many boxes. Another swift machine sets up the box—a machine with a cruel scissoring "feed," which loves to suck in and crush and tear unwary fingers. After the setting up, an automatic winder unrolls paper to cover the box, and a girl gives the human touch that directs its tireless energy. A smaller girl, who is her assistant, turns in the edges—a work that the machine is not quite deft enough to do, in this business where "the machines are almost human, and the human beings are almost machines."

It was hot outside. Happier children, released from school, were off to the mountains or the seaside. But these work children were as busy as the wheels about them. The sweat poured off their faces, but they went on creasing, shaping, gluing, and covering boxes; covering them with brilliant yellow and scarlet and emerald, which recalled the far fields of wild grasses, red lilies, and black-eyed susans, where



IN THESE FACTORIES THE MASSES OF THE CHILDREN THROG. HERE THE HOURS ARE LONGEST, THE DRIVE HARDEST, AND THE PAY SCANTIEST



THE CHRISTMAS DEMAND GREATLY INCREASES  
THE CALL FOR BOXES

the happier children were romping and shouting to the sky. But the box-makers, cooped up and silent, bent to their work, shaping and sticking and smoothing at the signal of the machine, while the growing piles of gaudy boxes loomed like the mounds of the Toltecs.

It was not long before the workers were eating their luncheons. But as they make boxes by the piece, they cannot stop their work for a little incident like eating. And as there are no lavatories nor towels, they cannot waste time washing hands. What was their "refreshing" midsummer luncheon? Each one was nibbling the end of a loaf of stale bread, that was all; no butter, no cheese, no meat, no fruit. A spindling, spooky little girl of about ten was gliding through the room with a basket full of loaves cut in two, supplying to each young worker this delectable and stimulating morsel.

In the East Side box-factories the children, in the Christmas season, begin their work at seven-thirty and keep it up till nine at night, Sundays included. From seven-thirty to nine at night! Reader, do you take into your heart how long these hours are for little fingers and little feet? But how are these tired workers kept at the wheels? You will not believe me when I tell you that the factory doors are locked to keep the little wage-slaves at their tasks till the factory pasha is satisfied with his day's profits. Louis Shrednick, who has worked for years in these American dungeons, says that, in "rush" seasons, "the children are locked in so they shall not go home till the master's work is done." The secretary of the Hebrew Trades confirms this astounding statement. Here is impressment of American citizens! Here is the outrage that in 1812 we thought it worth while to go to war about! What is 1907 going to do about it?

American children forced by necessity to work—this is enough to shame the nation. But now we find them locked in to their dreary tasks! No wonder that the factory master is looking for "small girls." Little girls are "good"; they ask for nothing, they object to nothing. They are timid; so they do not cry out against hard conditions, nor resent the flood of vulgarity washing over their souls. They do not complain when their fingers are caught and crushed in the machines.



They know "you ought to keep wide awake and not take your eyes off your work." And these "good" little girls are quick to go to the hospital with their bleeding fingers, anxious not to offend the overseer with blood stains on the boxes. There must be no visible blood stains on the work, although it is sprinkled red to those who look from Above. These "good" little girls are the profit-monger's ideal; they are "content with the station in life to which God has called them."

Some of those fancy white boxes, my lady, in which you sent out slices of your wedding cake to carry good dreams—those white boxes came, perhaps, from this very factory, with its locked-up, hungry children. That lovely, heart-shaped box, wreathed with holly and marked, "All Christmas joys be thine!" came, perchance, from just such tired fingers. Your glove-box, madam, and your handkerchief-box, strewn with "pansies for thoughts," or "roses for the flush of youth," were shaped for you no doubt by little wizened girls with aching backs and heavy eyes.

One face follows me still, the gaunt face of a boy crouched like a caryatid, pasting tiny labels on the margins of cigarette-boxes. All day long he stuck little oblongs of paper marked with the runic words: "Cork tips," "Cork tips," "Cork tips." That was his one message to the universe. His pay was twenty-five cents a thousand; and he sat there, growing bent and haggard, and spending all his energies to promulgate to humanity this news about cork tips. Other boys of his age were away climbing mountains, swimming rivers, and reading Walter Scott. But this deadly drudgery, this death-in-life, is what a "high stage of civilization" provides for *him*. If perchance he should rebel, this is the fate provided for the *next* child waiting in the long line of little lads pushed into these prisons by poverty.

Factory children do not always have the patience of the stones in the walls. Even "good" little girls will sometimes resist. At Christmas, a year or two ago, there was a box-factory down near the Williamsburg Bridge, where two hundred girls struck, because the master, at the height of the season, declared a wage-cut of ten per cent. Thirty-five cents a week would mean only a box of candy to some



CHILDREN WORKING LATE AT NIGHT AT THE MAKING OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

children; but to these children it meant more pinching on food and clothes, and less medicine for the babies at home. The little strikers appealed to other children not to go to work at the cut-down wages. This appeal the master resented as an interference with his "rights." The strikers stationed watchers on the street. He got the police to interfere, and had fifty-seven small girls arrested. Some were fined, some reprimanded. He called in the power of the nation, and that power hastened to his help. The children were downed!

So the end of it all was that the little ones, hungry and cold in midwinter, lost the strike; and the ten per cent. cut is still on; and they are still creasing and shearing and pasting—and eating dry bread.

I went down the narrow stairs, half dark at midday. How dark it must be after night, when the workers descend! I thought of the dangers in these unlighted places, when unprotected girls and coarse men are crowded together on the way out. And I thought of the later dangers of the streets for some of these untaught, unshielded girls, girls deprived of exercise in the open air, their minds dulled in a weary round of automatic work, their souls exposed to

brutal jests and vile profanities. What is the cure for this shame, this misery? It is certain that no rose-water remedy can make safe these evil ways.

It would be more pleasing to my pen, at this season and at all seasons, to write smooth words and to say soft things. This sort of writing might gratify our national vanity, but it would not enlighten our national conscience. So I have chosen to speak "not the pleasant, but the true."

"Merry Christmas!" to you, little workers—you, little boy; you, little girl! "Merry Christmas!" to you, little moles, down in the black murk of our civilization! I wish you well in your frail struggle with the Grim Powers. And "Merry Christmas!" also to you, fortunate children—you, little boy, with your sled and skates; you, little girl, with your doll and dominoes! I would not send one shadow on your hearts. You are yet too young to know the grief of life. You need not know of the cramped little fingers that make toys and joys for you. You need not know that your Christmas delight comes out of thousands of little sorrows. But you will know this by and by; and then you will rise in holy anger and sweep away the system that makes these inhumanities possible.

### Some Negligible Epigrams

¶ The virtue that is not automatic requires more attention than it is worth.

¶ When you are ill make haste to forgive your enemies, for you may recover.

¶ At sunset our shadows reach the stars, yet we are no greater at death than at birth.

¶ Experience is a revelation in the light of which we renounce the errors of youth for those of age.

¶ The transition from childhood to youth is eternity; from youth to manhood a season. Age comes in a night and is incredible.

¶ Avoid the disputations. When you greet an acquaintance with "How are you?" and he replies: "On the contrary, how are you?" pass on.

¶ The most credulous of mortals is he who is persuaded of his own greatness.

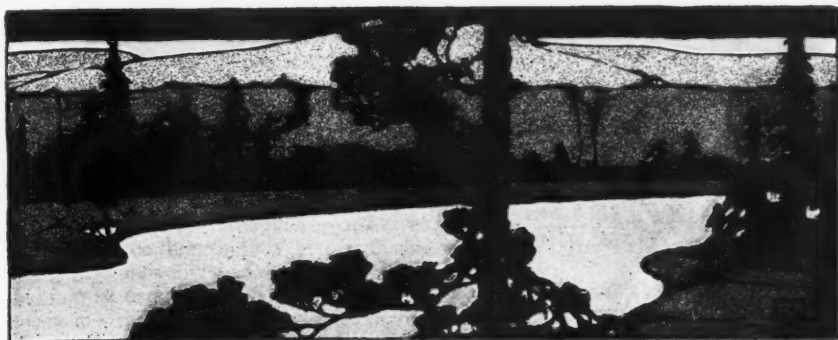
¶ That you cannot serve God and Mammon is a poor excuse for not serving God.

¶ A fool's tongue is not so noisy but the wise can hear his ear commanding them to silence.

¶ In him who has never done a wrong, revenge is a virtue; in all others it is a revolt against justice.

¶ If the Valley of Peace could be reached only by the path of love, the persevering traveler would find it sparsely inhabited.

¶ Life is a little plot of light. We enter, clasp a hand or two, and go our several ways back into the darkness. The mystery is infinitely pathetic and picturesque.



## The Sepulcher of Sand

By William Gilmore Beymer

Illustrated by CHARLES B. FALLS



THE man staggered through the shallow, icy water, half carrying, half dragging her body to the narrow, rock-strewn beach. He laid her down tenderly, and then, in his utter exhaustion, fell face downward at her side, unable to draw his feet out of the water, which lapped greedily at them as though in hope that even yet it might drag him back. The voices of the river took human tones in his confused brain and called to him to come back before he remembered; called to him in harsh, rasping gurglings, as the floating ice ground against rock and snag; called to him with insidious murmurings to come and forget; then the voices united in one long moan, as if in shame for work but half done. And at his side lay his wife, her half-closed, glazing eyes staring up at the dingy strip of sky which seemed to rest on the ragged tops of the canyon walls.

The dusk thickened. High up on the mountainside a wolf, driven early from its lair by hunger and cold, howled bitterly, already despairing of food. The familiar sound beat its way above the voices of the

river into his numbed brain, and he remembered that his wife was afraid of wolves. Slowly he rose to his knees. His clothing was covered by a shining film of ice, which crackled and fell from him as he bent over her and mechanically tried to close the half-opened eyelids; the long lashes were frozen and broke brittly at his touch. The wolf howled again, nearer.

He raised her in his arms and began weakly to pick his way around the bowlders toward the cabin. She was dead; he knew that. He had known it when he caught her as they swirled in the river, yet he had clung to her as they were dashed against rocks and snags, and as her limp weight had dragged him down into the strangling foam; had clung to her while he fought madly, instinctively, against the death he now prayed had been his. As he plunged off the treacherous foot-log after her, with the canyon walls in echo still screaming, "John!" he had known that he could not save her; but now he shambled stiffly on to apply the restoratives he knew to be useless.

Suddenly her head slipped down from his icy coat, and as he stopped to place it against his shoulder again, he remembered how only the day before they had returned home over this same strip of beach, and



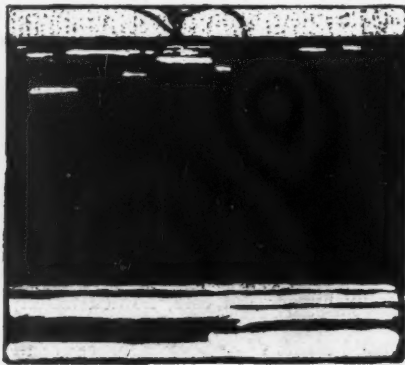
how, as she carried the rabbit he had shot, she had bounded lightly before him over the boulders which he now staggered around, with her, dead, in his arms.

Home! It had been home to which they were going but yesterday—

His strength ebbed at every step; he mounted the little rise before the cabin, his breath coming in gasps. The cabin door was latched, but he would not put her down on that bare, cold ground, so with his remaining strength he set his shoulder against the door, and as it burst open he plunged into the darkening room. For a moment he gazed stupidly about; the fire was smoldering in the chimney-place and casting fitful flickerings on the rough stone and log walls.

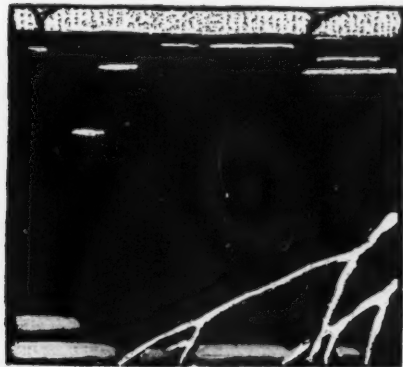
Before putting her down, he went over to the fireplace and kicked the logs together, for there must be heat quickly—how very cold she must be! Then he laid her gently on the slab-table, which swayed on its crazy legs from the unaccustomed weight. For an instant he had to lean against the wall to keep from falling; his numbed arms hung palsied at his sides; then he staggered over to the shelf and lifted down a jug of whiskey. He tried to force a little between her set teeth, and turned away that he might not see that she did not swallow. With his coat sleeve he wiped away the liquid where it had trickled over her cheek, then he raised the jug high and gulped down mouthful after mouthful of the fiery fluid. Fire seemed to leap into his brain in jets of new life and hope, and he strode to the bunk and dragged out the blankets, heaping them on the floor close to the fire, which had begun to burn fiercely.

He laid her limp figure on the blankets



and began to tear at the buttons and strings of her gown, which resisted his clumsy efforts till, with his hunting knife, he ripped the wet, clinging garments from her, and flung them in a slopping pile in the corner. With the whiskey he now bathed and chafed her temples and her hands and feet. Now and then he would try to force her to swallow some, and when he failed, he himself would gulp down a quantity of the stuff, then continue his efforts with renewed hope and determination. To his own condition he gave no thought, and his clothes clung to him in clammy folds.

For hours he worked; then suddenly realization came to him, and he sank back and sat staring dumbly before him. Unthinkingly he rerolled one of the blankets, that it might better pillow her head; then he got stiffly to his feet and mechanically put more logs on the fire. When he walked the water squelched in his boots, and the sound roused him to his own state, and he slowly undressed and put on dry clothing, then sat down on a stool in the chimney-corner and closed his eyes to shut out the sight of the still, blanket-covered form on the hearth. He thought of that other time when they two had sat beside the fire with another blanket-shrouded figure between them—such a tiny figure it was!—the baby who had been with them such a little while, the baby who had died. And how in the cold, gray morning they had carried it out and buried it in—the river. It had been her wish—"Not in the hard, savage ground, John, please not, but in the river." And how, as they came back to the lonely cabin, she had said, "If I should die in this horrible canyon, you will bury me with my baby?"





He leaped to his feet in anguish—O God, God! not *that*. Give her back to the river—the river with which he had fought for her, and from which he had won her? To give her back—to give her back!

He flung himself down beside her and pleaded with her to give him back his promise. It would be bitter enough—but the river! After a time he became calmer and stood up. She had worked nearly all of that other night to make a little dress for the baby; he went to the box under the bunk and began to pull out clothing, then carried it over by the fire. It was very long before she was dressed, and he was not sure then that all was right, but it was the best he could do.

Her hair had come down, and he tried to rearrange it in his awkward, mannish fashion. It was still dank and cold, so he began to rub it with a cloth; then he found her comb and combed it over and over till it fell about her in a rippling, chestnut mass which flashed back the fire-gleams. Once more he tried to put it up, but failed again and had to leave it as it was, and it made her look more sweet and girlish than ever.

Over the rickety table he awkwardly draped the blankets and laid her gently down on the bier, folding her hands across her breast as he had seen her fold the baby's hands. Then he went back and sat down to wait for the dawn.

He wished he had some flowers—she had loved flowers so. There must be something. He gazed about the room. Her rosary—of course she would want that. He had never thought much about such things, but he brought it from its place at the head of the bed and slipped it about her neck, placing the cross in her hands. Still he was not satisfied, and he stood looking with dissatisfaction at the simple, wooden cross he had just placed between the slender white fingers—how like ivory they were now—and the plain wedding ring, ivory and gold. An idea seized him.

He raised a flat stone from the hearth and lifted out bag after bag of gold—gold in dust, in grains, in nuggets. All the long summer months they had gathered it from the little triangular sand-bar over the river. That wonderful "strike" which he had made in this unexpected place on the almost unknown river, high in the mountains, many a day's journey from the nearest set-

tlement; this fabulous luck, which, in another summer, would make him wealthy beyond wildest dreams! And so they had lingered on till the snows had blocked the trails and had shut them in. Perhaps it was best, he had said; they had enough provisions, and he did not want to face again that awful fear that some one would jump his claim. He had worried himself nearly mad when he had gone back for her and for supplies, after his "luck" had sent him stumbling on this find. It would be worked out before the next autumn, and then they could go back to "God's country" and be rich—rich! And they were so young—all life was before them with all the riches heart could desire. The plans they had made during the long winter evenings! And the winter was so nearly passed, and now—

He began emptying the bags upon the floor, one after another. Gold! Even now he caught his breath; there was more than he had realized. Then crushing memory surged back, and for the first time burning tears fell, and he sat for a long while with his knees drawn close under his chin and his head resting on his folded arms. If he had never come to the accursed place! Oh! he would give it back, give it all back to the river from which he had taken it, if only the river would give her back to him.

He could hear the river even then roaring and foaming, like some mad dumb animal. Leaping to his feet, he paced feverishly up and down, up and down, till he remembered his intention, then, kneeling down once more beside the gold, he searched for the largest nugget of them all. It recalled the day he had found it, and how he had thrown down his shovel and raced to the cabin with it, and how he had worked no more that day in celebration. He had given it to her for her very own, and had scratched her initial, "M," upon its rugged face, and she had used often to take it out of its hiding place and plan what she would buy with it when she got back to "God's country."

Grimly he set the flat stone upon his knees as he sat on the low stool, and with a hammer beat the nugget into a cross, rude, massive, dented by hammer strokes, simple yet impressive. He tossed the little wooden cross disdainfully into the corner, and when the stiffening fingers had been made to clasp the heavy gold one he stood back and surveyed the result. Yet was he



THEN CRUSHING MEMORY SURGED BACK, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME BURNING TEARS FELL

not satisfied. He remembered a slender little bracelet she had once worn, so he hammered two bands of gold out of his nuggets; with them clasped about her wrists he felt he had done his best. The hair troubled him still, and he caught up a handful of gold-dust and sprinkled it through her hair till it glittered like cloth of gold. When the baby died— It took much search, but he finally found the two bits of candles, and, lighting them, placed them at her head.

Her face in its beautiful, calm serenity contrasted with the vivid yellow of the blanket covering her bier; and with the rude gold ornaments flashing in the candle-light she looked like a barbaric young princess fallen asleep while in her court gown. He stood and looked at her; and silently stretched out his longing arms to her; then with the thought of how soon he must carry her in those arms, and where, he flung himself on his knees at her side and begged her to speak to him, calling her over and over, pleading that she tell him only one thing—not to the river, oh, not the river!

The fire had gone out; the candles seemed to fade and pale; the face of the woman, no longer under the rosy glare of candle- and firelight, took on the moist pallor of death. Dawn was breaking.

The man began to tremble violently and leaned weakly against the wall; then he had recourse to the whiskey once more, and with staring eyes and quivering hands began making the final preparations with a desperate haste, as though to get the anguish over with. For a moment he knelt at her side again and kissed the cold lips once, then, tearing himself away, as though not daring to trust himself an instant longer,

he brought the blanket over the body, tucking it in at head and foot and binding the whole round and round with cord. With the tying of the last knot, he gazed wild-eyed about the room; then, stooping, lifted the long, stiff figure and staggered out of the door.

The candles gleamed on the pile of dull gold for an instant, then, in the sudden draft, guttered out. The man, without looking at the figure he carried, stumbled down the incline, and then swung down the trail; twice the foot of the figure struck against some rock he skirted too closely, and spun him half round, but he hastened on with unseeing eyes. It was far to the spot from which they had buried the baby, but he went on rapidly, without rest or pause, and when the firm earth ended at the foot of the cliff jutting into the river, he leaped down on to the narrow sand-bank along the river's edge, and made for a rocky ledge just at the bend; there the figure must be weighted and slid off into the deep, still water. It was there they had buried the baby; it was there he must keep his promise.

As he drew nearer the spot, the sweat trickled down his brow and his eyes became glassy in their unseeing anguish; he tried to hasten those last bitter steps, but the sand was soft and wet, and he sank in it deeper at every plunging stride. As he tried to draw out the rear foot, the front one sank halfway to the knee, and the sand seemed to grip it like unseen, slimy hands. He was compelled to stop; even in his misery the warning of danger checked him, and he began to think again dully.

He was slowly sinking. The treacherous, swiftly flowing river had shifted some

bar of quicksand a trifle lower, and it was there that he had tried to cross. He began to struggle desperately, but when one foot came out the other was plunged in the deeper. He grew quiet and felt himself sinking, sinking; then he tore at the coverings of the figure until the woman's pallid face stared at him from out the blanket. He began kissing the face over and over again—at least they need not be separated—it was best—sooner than he could have hoped—

The wet sand clung to him and chilled his very bones; he could hear it sucking at him as though smacking its oozy lips. When it should reach his face—his eyes—

He began to struggle once more, silently, then shrieking in abject terror. Unconsciously, he still held his wife in his arms; her weight added to the swiftness of the death he was to die.

The sun rose behind a gleaming, snow-capped peak; the river rippled merrily at his side.

Deeper!

With something firm to stand upon with one foot till he drew out the other, he could leap to safety. The brutish instinct for life fought with the soul of him—if only the sand wouldn't make that horrid sucking sound!

Very gently he laid the body down on the sand. One of his legs was in to the knee; with set teeth he put forth all his efforts to draw out the other leg. He closed his eyes, then put his free foot on the middle of the figure lying before him; slowly the other foot yielded to the straining and came up with a sickening squelch.

He *must* see where to leap; he opened his eyes. The middle of the figure pressed into the sand, the blanket had fallen back, and, as he stared, his wife's face rose slowly toward him. He leaped blindly out, fell upon dry ground on his hands and knees, and scrambling to his feet, without looking back, ran shrieking up the trail toward "God's country" beyond the snow-clad mountains.



## A Buried Grief

By Edith M. Thomas

WHEN that fierce spoiler of the Roman state,  
Alaric, upon Roman soil lay dead,  
His liegemen turned a river from its bed  
And dug a grave where flowed the stream but late:  
There, armed, braced upright on his steed, he sat  
In wonted guise—the Western Empire's dread!  
Then was the stream turned back above his head,  
That none his grave should find, to desecrate.

Why do I dwell upon an ancient tale,  
My heart, when I have given sepulture  
To grief so stern it something had of wrath?  
All inaccessible, and fenced with mail,  
That grief (while this my being shall endure),  
In deeps beneath a deep, its chamber hath!

# The Nine Lives of Katrine

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrated by WALTER TITTLE

## I



KATRINE and Willie sat on the woodshed steps in a frame of honeysuckle. Katrine's eyes were as brown as her curls, and her frock was pink chambray. Willie eyed her contentedly.

"Kit," he said, without preamble, "will you be my wife?"

"Yes," said Katrine instantly.

Willie searched his pockets, and presently found treasure in the form of a white pencil with an ivory top, relic of some elder's dancing-card. This he presented.

"Now we're married," he assured her. Katrine's breast swelled with satisfaction. She was seven, and she had always wanted to be married. She did not know what to say, so she sucked the ivory top and smiled. Then visions of setting up housekeeping in the privacy of the weeping-willow deepened the glow of this honeymoon moment to flaming excitement. Her mind grasped passionately at the domestic details of her *ménage*, and her plans were about to boil over in speech when a toe scraped on the other side of the high board fence, and a domed head, shaved to whiteness, appeared at the top. A voice breathed o'er her Eden,

"Say, Willie, come play 'nigger baby.'"

"All right," said Willie cheerfully. A moment later his toes had scraped down the other side of the board fence, and Katrine sat alone on the woodshed steps, swallowing her first lesson. It did not swallow easily.

## II

The dancing-school party at the end of the year was almost a grown-up ball. There were refreshments and dance cards with tasseled pencils and young-lady sisters in low-necked gowns with men as old as twenty-three or four in their wake.

All the nicest boys wanted to dance with Katrine, for she was going away to college, and her eyes were even browner than her curls. They came flying at her entrance—a few quick, running steps and a long, gallant slide on polished pumps landing them in a clamoring bunch before her—and all the other girls looking on. And there was a junior from Harvard, who asked to be introduced. Katrine's cup brimmed over. Here at last was the great world, here was life; she could have cried or said prayers in the swelling glory of her initiation. The junior was tall and aristocratic.

"There isn't a girl here that can touch you," he said—and he was a junior from Harvard. Oh, singing world of knight and princess, where flying skirts were sweet about the ankles!

"I could dance all my life long—never stop for one moment!" she burst out.

"By Jove! I'd do it with you—like a shot. Confound that fellow; he's coming for you. You must give me the supper dance."

She showed her crowded card in frank dismay. "But it is taken!"

"Chuck him," said the Harvard junior.

She hesitated, smiled with dawning audacity, then took the little white pencil with its ivory top and drew a line through the last name.

"It's only Willie," she reassured herself.

## III

The freshmen were not supposed to have guests at the big yearly reception, but sophomorehood brought with it that privilege. In a moment of self-confidence, Katrine invited Will; then nervously regretted it. It seemed a terrible responsibility. She planned a succession of partners for him, but at the last moment three of them failed her. What should she do with him? She had been known to play leap-frog over his bent back; and yet when he



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, WILLIE DEAR," SHE SAID KINDLY

stood before her, solemn in his evening clothes, the swollen tongue of fright muffled and caricatured her desperate attempt at bright welcome.

Up and down they promenaded while the music mocked their misery, and a few dutiful sets walked through the square dances that were the rule. The other couples in the long stream of promenaders were gay, at their ease; the girls glanced up and the men glanced down, and laughter eddied about them in bright waves. Katrine's eyes stared rigidly before her, except when

she forced them right and left with a piteous pretense of amused interest. She told Will about her college life, and he conscientiously told her about his. They dwelt on home news until further comment was pure farce; but their voices, high and wooden, could not pass the terror that overlay their dismayed hearts. Katrine gave him over to a partner with a gasp of relief; but when she saw him unbending with this mere freshman, laughing, glancing down, persuading her into one of the scorned quadrilles and prancing light-heartedly through it, the



shame of her failure brought black desolation. No doubt she would be like that all her life—stiff, tongue-tied, charmless. When Will came back, she was desperately ready for him; but it was no use. Her gayety rang hollow, and her heart could not get at her voice. The party ended at last and she lay, bruised and humiliated, in the darkness, her hands pressed passionately over her ears to shut out her own thoughts.

"I hate him! I never want to see him again!"

## IV

The ladies' singles proved to be the most exciting match of the day. The Western champion was thickset, tireless, with the direct, swinging stroke of a man; but Katrine was at her brilliant best, flashing her maneuvers like a blinding mirror in the other's eyes, matching strength with speed and artifice. She lost all consciousness of the crowd on the lawn, except when Will's yell of "Good work!" shot above the applause like an inspiring signal. Once, toward the end, as she pushed back the hair from her hot forehead with her wrist, she was aware of Priscilla—poor Priscilla—trammed in embroidered and inserted linen, double-veiled, gloved, parasoled, tied up at every point in demureness and millinery. She was sorry for Priscilla, as she swung her brown arm for the serve.

Two sets all, four-all on the deciding set, and five-four in favor of Katrine; then all Katrine's world seemed to go up in a blaze of glory with Will's voice on top, and she was shaking the hand of the defeated champion.

The tournament was over and the friendly crowd surrounded her. She was red, dripping, disheveled, gloriously happy, and she laughingly refused to touch Priscilla's little white glove with her wet hand. Poor, tied-in Priscilla!

"Kit, I'm mighty proud of you," said Will. Katrine laughed to cover her exultation. "The way you worked her backhand——" His enthusiasm was broken in on by the Simpson girls with their congratulations. Katrine answered them beamingly, but briefly; what Will was about to say concerning the Western champion's backhand seemed so vastly more important. In sixty seconds she was free again; and yet, when she turned back, there was Will half-way across the lawn, frankly hastening after

an elaborate white linen dress and a white parasol. She watched thoughtfully as he took the parasol and held open the gate.

"Tired? Not in the least," she said.

"Yes, I'd love to. Rough or smooth?"

## V

The garden-party was half over when Katrine arrived.

"I should come late myself if I could make such a stunning entrance," said one of the girls good-naturedly.

"You would have to come late if you sewed every inch of that lace in yourself," laughed Katrine, with a glance of weariness and affection at the lace arabesques flowing over her frail white gown. Then she rested her parasol on her shoulder and strolled down the lawn. Everyone was glad to see her, and stopped her to say so, but the glance under her white lace brim was restless until she came to the tea-table, where Will joined her.

"Kit, you are a beautiful sight," he said. "They are getting up some mixed doubles. Come on and we'll do them."

"I haven't touched a racket for weeks," she objected. "Besides, I can't in these clothes."

"Couldn't you slide home and get on something else?"

"No, I could not," with a touch of sharpness. "One doesn't go to a garden-party in a shirt-waist. Besides, I am tired of tennis," said Katrine.

"And you used to be such a dead-game sport!" said Will regretfully. Then he went off in search of the younger Simpson girl.

In Katrine's brown eyes awoke a glow of anger, the anger of righteous protest, of outraged patience. She gathered herself together and turned with cool determination to the nearest man.

## VI

"I was going to ask you to go out on the river with me, but I suppose you will say you are already promised to—some one else," complained Will.

"Well, it so happens that I am," Katrine admitted, a faint blush causing her to frown and blush deeper. Will studied her moodily.

"I don't see what you find in the fellow," he blurted out presently. "Why, he can't even pitch a ball; and he's afraid to ride."

"He knows a thousand things that you never dreamed of," said Katrine hotly. "Pictures and music and books—he has opened a whole new world to me. I never knew before what real talk was; I have only chattered."

"Rot!" said Will. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he added sulkily. "Only, when you have known a girl all your life, you can't help taking an interest in her and wishing she wouldn't— And a grown man that writes poetry! Oh, Lord!"

"I should say that poetry is almost as high-class a calling as the leather business."

"Oh, it is none of my affairs, of course; and it won't affect me." He rose to go. "It is just as a disinterested friend—"

Katrine smiled at him from far-distant heights.

"You don't understand, Willie dear," she said kindly; "but I know you mean awfully well, and I am not a bit angry." She gave him her hand, and he held it between both his for a moment. His eyes were bewildered and his fine shoulders drooped dejectedly as he went away.

"And to think that that once seemed to me the ideal man!" mused Katrine, as she obeyed the summons of a high-tenor voice under the window.

## VII

The room was sweet with lilies and snow was clinking against the windows.

"I should always bring you lilies, even if we had to go without butter on our bread," said the poet, smiling at her from the hearth-rug. "I know you would choose the lilies."

"Oh, yes," said Katrine; but her voice lacked conviction. It had been a straining two hours, beginning with a troubled "no" and ending with a still more troubled "yes."

"And we will always have a fire on the hearth, even if we have to burn up our furniture stick by stick," he went on. "Can't you see us rolled in a great rug before the blaze, while our—"

Katrine rose desperately. "I am tired; I must send you away," she stammered. "And you know that I have not said that I would, surely—only that I would think about it."

In her own room Katrine frantically pulled on high boots and rough, warm clothes; then she plunged out into the snow, lifting her face eagerly to its cold purity.

## VIII

The crimson rambles were out at home, but Katrine looked happily on city roofs and smoke from her high window.

"How can you stand it, cooped up here in this racket and dirt?" Will complained, after a dismayed survey of her quarters. "And when you might have space and comfort and decent air and—and me," he ended, with a forlorn laugh.

"Don't, any more, Will," she begged; "that is all settled. I don't want to marry anybody."

Will frowned impatiently. "But what in thunder have you got that's any better? Better than marriage, I mean—not than me."

Katrine's brown eyes lit up. "Work—freedom! I have become one of the producers, Will; I never dreamed how much that means."

Will stared at her in sorrowful amazement. "Well, if being private secretary to your great-uncle—"

"Oh, it isn't what I am; it's what I feel. Everything is in this big city, somewhere—everything heart could wish."

"Except me," said Will.

She came over to his chair and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You are a dear old fellow; but I don't believe I shall ever want to marry," she said.

## IX

The honeysuckle was in bloom about the door of the little old woodshed. Will paused before it with a laugh.

"Do you remember the time we sat on those steps, some twenty years ago, and I asked you to be my wife?"

"I do," said Katrine.

"And I gave you a pencil," Will went on happily. "Do you know, Kit, I've loved you ever since." And he really believed he meant it.

"I never once dreamed that I should come to care for you," said Katrine. And she almost believed that she meant that. They sat down on the steps together, framed in honeysuckle. "Oh, isn't this good, after that dirty, roaring city!"

"And yet everything you wanted was there—somewhere," Will reminded her.

She curled her hand more tightly into his.


"I didn't know what I wanted, two years ago," she said.



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CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE COUNTRY—THE MEETING





# The Girl Who Travels Alone

AN INQUIRY INTO A DISTINCTLY AMERICAN PROBLEM THAT HAS BEEN CREATED BY THE SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THIS COUNTRY WHICH ADMIT THE WIDEST LIBERTY TO WOMEN

By Eleanor Gates

Author of "The Plow-Woman," etc.

Illustrated by HOWARD GILES

**T**HE girl who left her home in the mountains of California, bound for New York, found that, as she traveled forward alone, a gradual but perceptible change took place in the attitude toward her of both men and women. If she had left a home in the mountains of Vermont, with the same destination in view, the story of her journey would have read no differently. For one sparsely settled district of the United States is, as regards the treatment of women, very like another. In all, the trail of the social disturber leads toward the small town; from the small town it leads, logically, to the larger; then to the great city; last of all, to the greatest city—New York. And this observation, which the most careful study will prove to be correct, points straight to a social law: *Discourtesy toward women who travel alone increases in direct proportion to the density of the population.* No other generalization is possible. It would be manifestly unfair to include under one judgment a rural district in Ohio, for instance, and, say, the city of Cleveland. In any rural district the annoying of women is at its minimum. It is at its maximum in the largest city of any state.

When discussing this subject, people are apt to speak of conditions "out West," or "down East," or "in the South," and it is true that the treatment shown women *does*

vary geographically. But any variation only serves to modify the extent of the discourtesy shown women; it does not alter the law.

In New England, where conventions are strict, the girl who travels alone does not suffer open insult with noticeable frequency. When she is annoyed, she will, as a rule, also find ready protection. In the Middle West, it is commonly asserted that a girl may travel alone without receiving anything but kindness from the women she meets and courtesy from the men; that even those of indifferent morals will let her alone, even defend her. In the Far West, visitors are at first shocked, then attracted, by the prevailing public conduct of man toward woman. There is so much of comradeship between the two, so much respect, understanding, fair play, and yet—romance! If a Westerner sees a woman being annoyed, he unhesitatingly takes sides against the offender. If he speaks disrespectfully to a girl, it is probable that he has been drinking—and drink knows no boundaries.

But no other part of the United States is so misunderstood in this regard. For instance, take this head-line in a New York morning paper, "Woman Garroted on Fifth Avenue," which was followed by the comment that the city was getting to be "as bad as a Western mining-town." Yet what Western-born highwayman has ever been known to strangle, or in any other way mistreat, a woman? Nell Littleton, riding her pony down the wooded slopes of the



Black Bart country, went fearlessly. As fearlessly, she took her seat on a stage which carried bullion and was likely, therefore, to be robbed, placing herself beside the Wells Fargo man, who sat with his gun across his knee and his eyes ever watchful of the brush. She knew that a road-agent would not harm her; for, strangely enough, the Western hold-up man consistently frowns on discourtesy toward women. And when an Eastern newspaper designates beating or insulting as being "like the Wild West," it only means that the particular reporter who handled the detail received his impression of the West from a yellow-backed novel.

In the South, setting aside the problem of race, a girl may travel about alone with almost perfect security from offense. He is a luckless individual who ventures to intrude upon her; he takes even bigger chances than he would in the West. The Southerner—even the Southerner of no morals—will visit upon the annoyer of a woman punishment that, figuratively and literally, is hung on a hair-trigger.

But when the girl who is traveling alone approaches New York city, she meets with treatment that puzzles her at first. Then, upon realizing that she does not merit it through any act, nor by her personal appearance, she is in turn mortified and angry. A Western or a Southern girl is subject to much annoyance while in New York. The independent manner, however modest, the frank, alert look, however impersonal and sweet, the smiling mouth and cheerful countenance, all lead to frequent trouble. She soon finds out that she must change. She cannot swing along independently, as she has been wont to do. She notices that New York young women whose faces show culture never by any chance look directly at a man, and always wear an expression that is so cold as to be repellent. The girl stranger soon comes to adopt it.

She discovers another thing: She cannot risk treating the New York man as a fellow-being; that is, she cannot treat him with the courtesy which could be paid a woman. In fact, she dares not give him even the courtesy that is his due; he might misunderstand it. If she were to thank him for allowing her to pass on a stairway, or for a seat in a car, it would only imbue him, in many cases, with the idea that she was seeking to scrape an acquaintance. And

this explains why the New York man, when he puts himself out for a woman, more often than not goes unthanked.

When I came to New York to live, I could not help noticing how people stared at one another, and how, sometimes with a covert, sneering, almost meaning, smile, many men watched the women whom they passed in the street. I mentioned my observation to the pretty wife of a publisher, herself a Western woman who had lived long in New York. She told me that she was treated in the same way. "And so," she said, "I never go anywhere without a paper or a book with which to take up my eyes. It saves a lot of trouble."

At this, much amused, and rather scornful at the idea that the women of a city would meekly accept such intolerable treatment in public, I asked the adopted New Yorker why she did not introduce the veil of the Turkish harem, or, better still, suggest the fashion of the Chinese, and bar unattended women from the street. She replied that while unattended women were not actually barred from the street, yet at night the attitude toward them was such that only the sternest necessity would take a woman abroad; that, too, the "better class" of restaurants would serve no unescorted woman, or party of women, after ten o'clock at night—these being welcomed only in those cafés which cater to the riffraff. She added that the great majority of the first-class hotels would plead "no accommodations" to the girl who is traveling alone.

Coldness, if not flat suspicion, then, from the majority of discreet men and women!

So incredible did the whole thing seem that I resolved to make further inquiries. The first stenographer I engaged, a refined, quiet, even plain, girl, gave me weekly accounts of how men coughed at her, brushed past her repeatedly, or followed and spoke to her. Then I began clipping the accounts of like cases, investigating and studying them, classifying offenders, and keeping a record of results. One case, not typical, was that of Dr. S—, a young woman physician. As she approached a subway entrance at Forty-second Street, carrying her satchel, a man whom she had never seen before took her by the arm. What he said was so infamous that she struck him. He struck back at her,



THE OFFICER TURNED UPON HER, HIS QUESTIONS OFFENSIVE AND SUSPICIOUS

tore her dress, and knocked her down the flight of steps. A crowd gathered, but no bystander offered aid.

Miss G——, a young Irish girl, was halted in the shopping district by a well-dressed rough. She called to a policeman. The rough stood his ground, and, as the officer inquired the trouble, declared that the girl had "made eyes" at him, thus inviting an advance. At that the officer turned upon her, his questions so offensive and suspicious that, terror-stricken and bursting into tears, the girl took to her heels.

Mrs. L——, aged sixty-four, gray-haired and the mother of a grown daughter, while descending the stairs in an apartment house in West 105th Street, where she was a tenant, was grossly insulted by a man not

more than half her age, who had come out of the apartment directly under her own.

A young woman, riding in an elevated train, was addressed disrespectfully by a young man. A state senator, seated opposite, tried to shame the other, who, with several companions, then followed the senator out upon the station platform and attacked him with a file, destroying one eye and inflicting many stab wounds.

Miss McL——, aged sixteen, leaving the — School on the upper West Side, her books on her arm, was repeatedly shouted at by two men who were driving an ice-wagon. Scarlet with embarrassment and fright, she boarded a Broadway car. The ice-wagon kept alongside, and its occupants continued to whistle and call out,

"Sweetheart"; upon which the passengers on the car stared at the girl. When she reached her own street, the conductor, misjudging her because she had had to suffer insult, took her arm offensively under a pretext of assisting her.

I have authenticated the above occurrences. Moreover, they could be multiplied by thousands, and many that would not bear publication could be cited. But these few, chosen because they are moderate in character, will serve as examples of the open and bold annoyance which is the portion, every day of the year, of some girl who is traveling alone in the metropolis of the United States.

The lady of leisure, who goes about in a brougham by day, and always has an escort in the evening; the woman who regularly hoodwinks herself by never admitting unpleasant experiences; and the men of the city, who, by the very fact of their being men, can be but poor judges of how a girl is treated—none of these need hold up their hands in scandalized protest, declaring that such things "don't happen"; and those who know that they *do* happen, and yet are indifferent, because they feel that the safety of the young women of their own family is not involved—all these should be concerned. For the wheel turns, and to-morrow it is not Nell Littleton who is meeting ugly conditions. It is your daughter, sir, or your sister, madam, who is setting forth, young, clear-eyed, sweet-faced, frank, but modest. *How shall it fare with her?*

But why should the annoying of women—which is only one phase of the subject—be treated? And, again, since thousands of girls travel about in New York daily without unpleasant experiences, why do the cases of the few who are annoyed merit any attention? And—why New York?

The answer to the first is that this phase is the significant one. The case of the girl who is annoyed, however infrequent, shows that something is wrong in the social structure. The answer to the second is that every girl has a legal right to travel about alone without having to endure annoyance. If this is *not* granted, then the oft-repeated declaration concerning American freedom (which should be shared by women as well as men), and that other declaration—always proudly spoken—concerning the fair, generous treatment of American women by American men, become so much empty

talk; if this *is* granted, then every girl merits immunity from affronts of any kind, as well as protection. Neither of these does she invariably get; and the fact that conditions as regards the treatment of self-respecting men are not perfect—in fact, are a blight upon the municipal decency of New York and upon the Christianity of the country—is no reason for her being denied them.

But why New York? Because in any great city this particular problem exists in an involved form, and its solution is correspondingly difficult. (The truth of this latter statement is attested by the commonness of Uncle John's good-natured assurance that "You've got to expect this kind of thing in a big city.") In New York, the greatest of all our great cities, the problem is most difficult. New York is the leader and the pattern for all the other great cities, and any effective treatment of the subject should, therefore, begin there. For, surely, if the hardest problem can be solved satisfactorily, the solution of lesser ones can follow.

The "men" who annoy women, in New York, may be classified with some definiteness. All have one common attribute—*physical cowardice*. The proof of this broad statement lies in the fact that a woman who is accompanied by a man is not treated discourteously, *man* being synonymous with *punishment*. If, when he has addressed a woman, her escort unexpectedly appears, the insulter will jump from a moving car, or whip his horses into a run if he is driving, or take to his heels along the street. (Later, however, he may address her through a newspaper personal.)

One cannot base a classification on nationality; one of "class" would be quite as unfair. The part of town, the particularly fashionable street, and the handsome apartment which a man inhabits are not criteria of his conduct. For the man who lives in a Riverside Drive mansion may be an arrant hoodlum; while down in Eldridge Street, at the University Settlement, an immigrant's son, who lives in a crowded tenement in a poor street, may have a sensitive, high-bred face, clean speech, and charming manners. Here is a phenomenon!

It cannot truthfully be said that the foreigner in New York offends women. He is the most persistent of "class" insulters, and well-dressed women come in for their

share of the hatred for "the man on horse-back." But a plainly dressed young woman may walk through the Italian, the Syrian, the Jewish, or any other quarter, and she will be looked at only in curiosity. I have tested the crowded tenement sections again and again, stopping often to inquire my way. And it was always a pleasure to see the anxiety and courtesy which the foreigner invariably showed in his efforts to give the right direction. On my rides in Central Park, I often pass foreigners, usually little clusters of Italians who are walking to or from work. They stare and chatter among themselves, but their attitude is never discourteous. These same men crowd the subway of an evening on their way downtown. They are tired and soiled—but their manners are not.

The foreigners' sons one cannot praise so unreservedly. Young Italian-Americans often affront women. So do some American-born "foreigners" of other nationalities. But when an apology is demanded from one of this type it is given instantly, willingly, abjectly, with white face and earnest pleading not to be arrested. In every instance I have known, the offender hastened to say that he meant no harm. One man grew tearful, and told of his wife and two babies. He displayed a secret society emblem from his heavy gold watch chain. In Central Park, out of ten men who had called out to women and were brought up sharp for an apology, six stated that they were American-born Hebrews. But this may not mean that the Hebrew is the leading offender of women; it may only mean that he, like the Italian, is particularly numerous in Central Park.

Indeed, the chief offenders against women are a motley crew who have no love for the open sky—except that patch directly above a race-track. It is a type that I dislike even to discuss. It may be most politely described as "hangers-about." These "men"—usually young, and well, if not flashily, dressed, but with "no visible means of support"—may be found along Broadway, up and down 125th Street, and about the family (?) entrances of saloons.

The Raines law "hotel" is their chief abiding-place.

This type is ever watchful for his prey. He is a human buzzard, ready to swoop down when a husband goes into a cigar-store, leaving his wife alone for a moment on the sidewalk; he directs self-respecting men and boys into depraved company; he can tell an out-of-town girl as far as he can see her, and is ready to lure her, or any



ANNOYING WOMEN IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

other girl, into the "family" entrance. In the majority of cases, an investigation of the doings of this type leads straight to the whereabouts of missing girls, for the mere accosting of women is his least offense. The forces of Good have no committees on main thoroughfares and prominent street corners. ("Why," says the average reader, "what an unheard-of idea!") Ah, but in these groups of well-dressed youths, the forces of Evil have.

In the sparsely settled districts the "drummer" is popularly placed high up on the roll of those who offend women. But this is a result of his being the personification of the congested districts. Since he is a stranger who reappears time after time, and is, therefore, easily identified, one unscrupulous traveling salesman gets more publicity for what he does than do, perhaps, five unscrupulous men of any other vocation. In a great city he gives way to others.



THE "MEN" WHO ANNOY WOMEN HAVE ONE COMMON ATTRIBUTE—PHYSICAL COWARDICE

Ranged next to the hangers-about in the list of culpables are the wagon-drivers, and of these too much cannot be said in disparagement. They include every kind, from moving-vans to dump-carts. The driver-coward is the most arrant coward of them all. The very fact that he is on a vehicle and, therefore, out of reach and ready for flight, makes it easy for him to give vent to his insults with little fear of punishment. He flourishes by the thousands in New York, calling out obscenities to young girls as he rattles past, purposely driving close to young women who are alone and saying whatever insolent thing occurs to him, and cursing if an older woman or a child gets in his way.

The next class of malefactors is made up from miscellaneous callings that have one common characteristic—physical inactivity. In reports of arrests, men of this class give their vocations as "brokers,"

"clerks" of various kinds, and during the last year a full half-dozen have claimed to be "actors." This class will also include that village prince of iniquity, the "drummer," lost in mediocrity with the mere designation of "salesman." Odd as it may seem, when saloon-keepers and bartenders figure, it is usually in the rôle of protectors!

To one who is college-bred, the placing of the college man in this list becomes a matter of keen regret. But truth demands that it be done. He of the coeducational university, however, belongs there only rarely. He may offend decency in other ways; he rarely offends women. At Weber and Fields' Music Hall, one night, Miss A—and her escort were seated in front of three Columbia College men who wore fraternity pins. So offensive did the conversation of the trio become, alluding to women on the stage, that Miss A.'s escort, calling to his assistance employees of the house, forced



them to be quiet. But on leaving the theater at the conclusion of the performance, it was found that one of the Columbia men had placed a lighted cigarette against the young woman's wrap, burning a hole through it and the gown beneath. Other examples as flagrant as this could be quoted, one of them being the forcible kissing, by one of a student crowd, of a young girl who was traveling alone on a local train to New York.

The annoying of women has the same fundamental cause as have certain economic evils. This cause is the absence of individual responsibility on the part of a few; while the vast majority, the responsables, are either helpless or indifferent. The social law I have offered states that the annoying of women increases as we approach the cities. Is this not because, in a crowd, the chance for identification is lessened and, consequently, the individual irresponsibility increased? In the great city, the annoyer feels that no acquaintance is watching him; the woman he offends does not know him, will never see him again, may even be flattered, will probably not fight back. Therefore, he acts as he chooses. The countryman sometimes offers proof of this influence. At home he behaves himself, knowing that he can be identified. But the records of the police courts show that many rural visitors, on arriving in New York, are affected by the freedom from observation.

Many causes lie behind the lax treatment, in New York, of the girl who travels alone. One is, I believe, the too perfect separation of the sexes during the period of adolescence. It is not usual in the metropolis to see boys and girls playing games together. They are commonly kept apart in school, and as the modern "flat" does not make for home life, and the boy is invariably upon the street, he has little close companionship with mother or sisters. The result—and this is not surprising when the condition of the streets is considered—is often an abnormal, even depraved, attitude toward women. Go farther, to the university where only men are educated, and it will be found that many underclassmen, deprived of the society of the women of their home and circle, will seek other associations that may not please their families.

This separation is supposed to promote "scholastic effort." But is "scholastic ef-

fort" the thing most to be desired in your son? Is it not more important that he shall have a right and clean viewpoint on life, and particularly on women, and, therefore, on that most vital of social institutions—marriage?

Teachers and preachers urge the better training of children so forcibly nowadays that it is scarcely necessary to point out that there is a lack of proper instruction—a lack that has much to do with wrong conditions of all kinds. Suppose one were to attempt to supply a little of that training. Interfere, say, with a boy who had used vicious language before some woman or little girl. You take him by the hand. He weeps copiously. (I have never yet seen a New York boy who did not resort to tears; he knows their effect.) The tears draw a crowd. People ask what is the matter. The explanation does not raise their ire against the boy, but you find that *you* are the subject of it. Some warn you to let him alone; others jeer, even hiss, perhaps threaten. And it is my experience that the New York boy can command sympathy even when he has knocked over some poor old man's cart and robbed it of its fruit. I know of a case of that kind. The man who interfered came very near to being thrashed by bystanders for merely holding the culprit by the arm. Yet—plant a boy who steals from push-carts, let him thrive under the mistaken sympathy of the crowd, and you get—a Sing Sing thief.

The explanation for the actions of the *man* is always found in the training of the *boy*. And the boy who yells personalities at women who are passing, who talks vulgarities to little girls (and then sniffls under well-deserved punishment), later develops into the full-grown coward who annoys the girl who travels alone.

The paramount cause of the annoying of women is lack of responsibility. No matter how little a man has associated with women, or how he has received his training, if *he were made responsible for his every act*, he would soon learn to make those acts of a non-punishable nature. Then why not responsibility in New York, where there are laws to protect your wife, sister, or daughter, and paid servants to enforce those laws? A part of the answer is found in the attitude of woman herself. She argues that if it is known that she has been followed and annoyed, a large number of people will rise up with the

declaration that "she must have given him some encouragement." Suppose, in her righteous resentment, she strikes her annoyer. There goes up a great cry—"Unwomanly!" Suppose she has him arrested. The papers get it, picture and all. These are the bugaboos that stand, strong, and almost invincible, as a shield for the annoyer. *And he knows it.*

But what of the great army of people who cry "Unwomanly!"—the women of this army holding it as "beneath" them even to notice an insult (thus encouraging the offender to repeat his act elsewhere), and asking that a woman publicly accept what injures her womanliness in order to preserve that womanliness? A curious paradox, truly. When she attempts to follow this "womanly" course, she certainly leaves no good opinion in the minds of those who see her approached, nor in the mind of her annoyer. The former doubt her. The latter is more than half certain that he really *did* make an impression.

Often a woman's modesty is the means of protecting a malefactor. In the case of the university men who were disorderly at Weber and Fields' Music Hall, Miss A—felt that an arrest would require the repeating of the objectionable conversation. The worse the language the more will its hearer shrink from the retelling of it—even to a judge. And when it comes to newspaper publicity, a powerful reason for submission is found. Many women would suffer any insult rather than have their pictures adorn a page on such an account, even though they be the heroines of the "good story" that is invariably written. When all the sweet and kindly things are forgotten about a girl, it will stick in the minds of people that she once whacked a man with her umbrella.

Worse even than this, a woman's very livelihood may be endangered. Miss L— of California, university-bred, a college instructor, says that she is often annoyed on her trips to and from school. Asked why she did not have an offender arrested, she said, "If I were to get such notoriety the parents of my girl pupils would object to me, and *I would never be permitted to go on with my teaching.*"

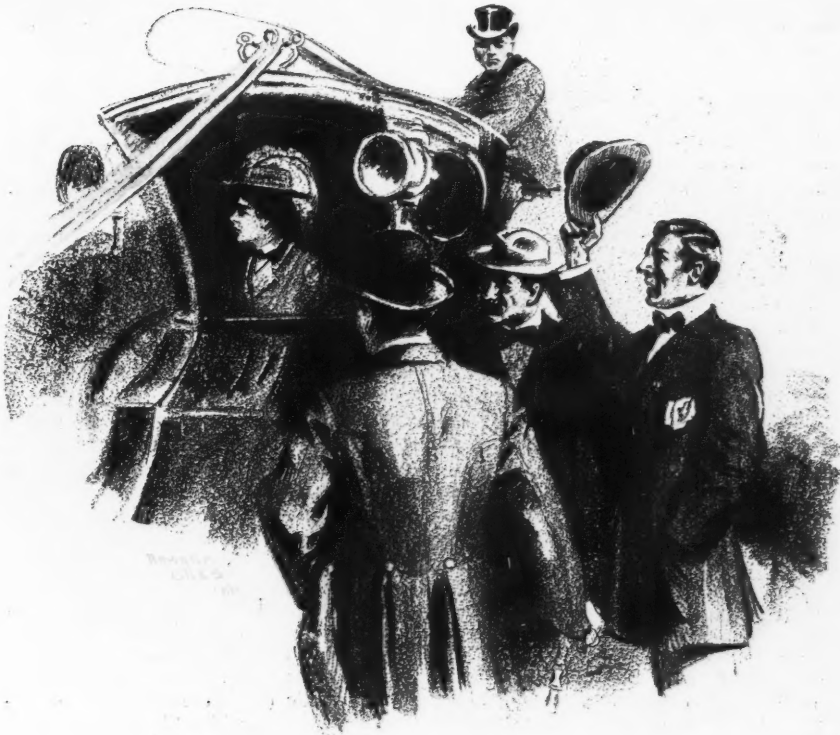
We have, shaped for us, a certain figure of "womanliness"—somewhat plastic (of late, very much so)—that we worship. But the very figure threatens its own destruction.

For the woman who accepts insults without resistance, thus keeping herself "womanly," may come at last to regard an insult as a joke, and thus her own ideal is shattered. Personally, I admire the woman who visits swift and thorough punishment where punishment is due. *She* leaves no doubt in anyone's mind. She knows her rights, and she claims them. She it is who will bring about a prevailing right attitude toward women. Not a judge but will praise her, not a newspaper but will commend; and only those policemen who stand with the undesirable stripe, grafting from them and protecting them, will be slow to help or will show disfavor.

Wordy resentment only whets the interest of the offender, and amuses him. He is used to the society of women who cannot be insulted, and he is enjoying a new sensation. "How dare you!" and "You've made a mistake, sir," are only comical. He *has* dared, and he knows very well that he has made a mistake. What he needs is punishment, arrest, fining, and then such publicity as will make him a pariah among decent people—if he knows any.

There was a time when respectable men made it their boast that *any* woman could claim their protection. But often in New York, even when a woman takes an open stand against an annoyer, she will receive no aid. As the young woman physician was dragged down the subway steps, a crowd watched without interference. Some of them undoubtedly thought the trouble was between people known to each other. But what of the others? Perhaps one held back through fear of notoriety, or because he was indifferent, or did not wish to "spoil another man's game"; some were hurrying to business; some could excuse a man for mauling a woman brutally—she might be his wife! But *the majority questioned the moral status of the woman.* Any woman could not have their protection. This explains the treatment of the young Irish girl who fled from an officer of her own race. It explains nine-tenths of all the failures to protect. It also explains much of the lax treatment of women. Every girl who goes forth to walk, or shop, or work, *at some time or another has her moral status questioned.* The reason for this is the non-segregation of vice.

The non-segregation of vice does not excuse the insulting of women any more



THE CHIEF OFFENDERS AGAINST WOMEN ARE A MOTLEY CREW

than it would the murdering of men. Neither does the fact that a few vain and misguided women regard any notice from a man as a compliment, and accept advances; nor the other fact that some good women abuse the conventions.

There is, in New York, a prevailing conviction, high and low, that wrong-doing is *not followed by punishment*. How could it be made to follow, sternly, certainly, every day and every year, on and on, until conditions are thoroughly righted, and a healthier public sentiment is crystallized? The corrupt party politician stands between justice and the flashily dressed committee on the corner, between justice and his tools—bought-over police officials. It is difficult to punish any of these. What of the betterment of street conditions? Here again bobs up the corrupt politician. It is his patrolman who, knowingly and wilfully, arrests one innocent woman after another, so that press and public will de-

mand that *all* arrests of the kind cease. Thus, for graft, the vice issue is confused, and reform brought into disfavor. Incidentally the reformer is brought into disfavor, and often made to endure the grossest public ridicule.

Not more laws are needed for the protection of the girl who travels alone, and not severer laws, but a continued enforcement of the laws that are. Perhaps a society that would accept no political favors, but *would know as much about each police official as do the corrupt politicians*, could achieve some reform. Such a force might assist the good patrolman, oust the bad, stand behind an honest police commissioner, untiringly publish forth all offenders, and bring swift removal to those magistrates who are suspiciously lenient toward the toughs that infest trains and terrorize women and children. Many a girl would make a charge, and so further the reform by bringing about punishment, if she knew

that there was an organization in existence which made the safety of women its business; if she realized that assistance was hers at the other end of the telephone.

But, unfortunately, when a reform is one involving the question of sex, everybody runs. If some should stay to fight, there are those who know how to bring about dissension and a scattering. Any reform for the better treatment in public of New York women must attack the great profits of the vicious. And when these are attacked, there is fighting back with personal and physical abuse. Even if such attacks do not disperse the reformers, their work is usually only sporadic. But the evil forces are not sporadic; they are virulent all the time. The church closes, the workers leave the field; but the flashy committee is on duty every hour of the day and night! And your daughter, sir, or your sister, madam, cannot go to the corner drug store without coming under the vigilant eyes of that committee.

Discussion must always precede action. But even the children in the New York streets seem to realize that most people do little but talk, and that *deeds* bear a small proportion to *discussion*. If one gives correction, advice, or warning to an urchin, what is his never-failing retort?

"Hot air!"

"Hot air" from impractical reformers; "hot air" from political candidates who promise all manner of things on the stump; "hot air" from the same man as he takes his oath of office; "hot air" from some pulpit, where a negative Christian holds forth; "hot air" from your patriotic citizen, who refuses to see the rotten spots in the municipal or national apple—"hot air!" "hot air!" "hot air!"

"Oh," some cry wearily, "it can't be helped. It's such a big city."

But a big city does not frighten business men. *They* do not throw up their hands and sit down, but contrive to study the city from end to end, and create responsibility on the part of every man and woman and child in their employ. The big city does not frighten the syndicates. Even vice is syndicated in all its ramifications; and the effective and systematic way in which thugs and roughs bring their plans to full fruition at the polls proves that this syndicate gets responsibility on the part of

its every representative. Why, then, should the law-abiding not organize? *Why should "the great city" daunt only the law-enforcing syndicate?*

A country is no higher than the plane of its women. This statement is so true as to be a platitude. Granting its truth, it would seem logical that all efforts for the advancement of women be looked upon as highly desirable and patriotic, and that all counter-efforts be swiftly and effectively downed. And yet—how smugly the negative Christian rejoices in the integrity of his own home, and does nothing! how undisturbed is the flashy committee! how uncorrected go the boys of unclean speech and worse tendencies, though an army of teachers is vigorously propounding to them the multiplication tables or the whereabouts of the Philippines! how brazenly any rough may accost any girl and be fairly certain that he will come off scot free of punishment! For who concerns himself?

And yet the great mass of New York's citizens, like those of all America, stand strong for decency and for the freedom and protection of the girl who is traveling alone. The repeated assertion, however, that conditions are perfect, while good to hear, and patriotic (from the standpoint of the present, at least), will not help as a remedy. We have only to study Chinese civilization to understand that well-sounding proverbs, which are on the lips of everyone, and protestations, both moral and religious, are absolutely no criterion of the habits and practical religion of that people. And, with us, the sturdy declarations that a woman can go about safely and freely, and that our men are liberal and courteous to our women, far from making them so, will not even be long believed if the rest of the world reads the almost daily accounts of the molesting of unprotected women.

"Well," I can hear some self-righteous men and women say, "I've never heard of all this before. It's positively *shocking!*"

So it is. But do not pride yourself upon your ignorance concerning evil conditions that exist right under your nose. If you do not know about these things, you *ought* to know. And if, knowing, you are complacent, you will awake to activity, perhaps, when the danger strikes at your daughter, madam, or your sister, sir.

(To be concluded.)

# St. Peter of the Latin Quarter

By Margaret H. Chase

Illustrated by J. C. CHASE



It was so much the custom for models in search of employment to climb the stairs and open our studio door, scarcely knocking, that when I heard a shuffling step on the threshold I did not look up until Campbell exclaimed: "Hello! If this isn't Saint Peter it's one of his relatives. Look at the old boy, Lemoyne."

"There is a resemblance," said I, with a glance, "but I would not trust this saint with my bunch of keys. There's too crafty a look in his eyes; though he's an interesting old beggar for all that." I lowered my brush and scanned him more attentively.

Smiling, conciliatory, and debonair, he stood hat in hand in the doorway. "*Je suis bon camarade avec tous les artistes*," he announced, with a bow.

"Indeed! And what do you get for being that?" I asked him.

But even while inclined to chaff I realized that here was the very model for my Salon picture which had been so long delayed because I lacked the type I needed for the chief figure. The last day for the receiving of pictures by the committee was close at hand—only two weeks distant. If I should engage him, could so old a man pose daily for two weeks? I questioned him and noted the eagerness with which he assured me that he could. A light leaped into his eyes, and an expression of relief replaced the conciliatory smile.

"How much do you want for two weeks' work?" I asked.

"Sixty francs a week," he answered quickly, with a gleam of what I thought cupidity.

"What?" I exclaimed; "sixty francs a week! Heavens!"

"*Je suis bon camarade*——" he urged, but I broke in.

"I haven't any doubt of it," I said; "but

we can't pay for your society. It's posing that we pay for. I'll give you ninety francs for two weeks. What?"

"Ah, monsieur, my little grandchild, she——"

"Yes," said I, interrupting again, "and your grandmother, too, I suppose. But it is forty-five francs a week, you understand; forty-five francs."

He acquiesced with a deprecatory droop of his out-turned palms, and the bargain was closed; not a hard bargain either as rates go in Paris.

The morning was very cold, and he seemed glad to stay when I suggested that we might begin our work at once. I wished to make some preliminary sketches to get the traits, the "feeling," of my model, so I asked him to suggest a pose. He slowly drew a chair up to the stove and said he thought it would give very good action to have him bending toward the fire with arms and hands extended, so. He illustrated with a comfortable gesture, and sat there expectant, warming himself and glancing at me sidewise, with a cunning that was meant to be naïve.

"Oh, that won't do, you know," said I, frowning impatiently and in no mood for dalliance. "Take some other pose."

"That does not please monsieur? *Ei, ei*, what a pity!" said he, wagging his head and rising reluctantly. He rested one hand on the chair, appearing to ponder.

"But now I have the idea precisely," he exclaimed, a moment later; "a beautiful pose that I recall. I have seen the picture in the Luxembourg, I think. Yes, it is there. An old man, monsieur, is standing like this, you see—arms raised—and taking a bite out of a large loaf of bread." He threw himself into this character with avidity, lacking only the loaf, and his eye roamed toward the shelf in our kitchen corner.

Campbell laughed, and I could not quite keep a straight face.



"Can't you think of something a little freer in effect?" I asked.

Emboldened, like a child, by Campbell's laughter, the old fellow teetered toward a couch, and said, "The figure in repose, monsieur; how admirable!" He threw himself down at full length and rested there confidently, as though expecting only my approval. Once relaxed, he showed real weariness beneath the assumption of levity, and his old frame lay heavy with fatigue upon the couch. But annoyed by the delay in my work, I plucked him up from his "admirable" attitude, and was about to pose him myself, when he stopped me, as though something suddenly observed had caught his attention.

"*Mais votre figure, monsieur; c'est beau!*" he said; then he rose on tiptoe, and waved his hands as though to measure off meters of flattery.

"Thanks," said I; "I am proud to have your approval."

Then hastily arranging him with one hand uplifted to the side of his face in such a way that he could rest his elbow on a pedestal, and disregarding Campbell's derisive comment, "Listening to the fairies," I began to sketch the old man's head. I made a number of sketches, and found myself more and more interested in my model. The day went well; but at its close the old man extended his hand and said most beseechingly,

"Have you a little money for me this afternoon, monsieur?"

I turned to Campbell, inquiring, "What would you do? If I pay the old sinner every day he may take it into his head to pose for some one else at any time, and then where shall I be—I and my picture? There's no reason why he should not wait for his money until the week's end, like other models."

"Ah, monsieur, my little grandchild," Saint Peter murmured. "I——"

"Oh, pay him," cried Campbell impatiently; "he probably needs it, no matter for what."

So I paid him at once for the day, though against my own judgment. His faded eyes lit up with satisfaction, and mumbling profuse thanks he shuffled to the door, where he paused, evidently wishing to make a favorable exit.

As the door closed behind him, and I turned to clean my brushes, I remembered

some of the yarns he had spun that day, and I exclaimed,

"He certainly tells the greatest lies!"

"What lies?" inquired Campbell.

"*Sapristi!* That he was a drummer-boy with Napoleon, for one."

"Oh," said Campbell carelessly, "he was trying to be entertaining, though he was rather droll, drumming on the table with a knife and fork to prove it."

"And you don't mean to tell me that you credit Old Whiskers' stories of his sick grandchild, do you?"

"It wouldn't be the first time an old man had a sick grandchild," answered Campbell indifferently.

"And those staggering yarns about the siege of Paris?"

"I don't think they are false. I'll grant you he couldn't have been a drummer-boy with Napoleon; he's not quite enough of a patriarch for that. I think he just threw out the story as a trifling piece of dramatic fiction, and thought we were onto the joke."

I turned away, and Campbell lit his pipe. After a few puffs he remarked,

"Perhaps you saw him take that piece of stale bread out of the waste-basket and put it in his pocket?"

"Is that all he put in his pocket?" I inquired scoffingly.

"He asked me for it," replied Campbell, "and as we had evidently thrown it away I could hardly refuse."

"Oh, he was playing to the gallery," said I, closing the discussion, and aware that I was feeling unreasonably irritated. I have often wished that I had Mr. Podsnap's magnificent flourish of the arm, which swept the world clear of its most difficult problems by sweeping them out of existence, so far as he was concerned. And I have longed to repeat his formula in summing up an argument: "I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it." Campbell's insistence on the stale-bread episode seemed to me, as Mr. Podsnap would have said, clearly ill timed.

I was somewhat anxious the next morning, fearing the old man might not appear; but promptly at the appointed hour Saint Peter came. And as morning followed morning, and he never failed to arrive on time, I ceased to entertain misgivings.

The picture rapidly advanced. Camp-



*Drawn by J. C. Chase*

HERE WAS THE VERY MODEL FOR MY SALON PICTURE

bell declared I was outdoing myself, and, indeed, I was absorbed in the painting, or the contemplation of it, or the dreaming about it, twenty-four hours of each day. Every morning when the old model shuffled in he greeted Campbell and me with some little pleasantry, and then tiptoed respectfully toward the easel, and took off his hat to the canvas, with a serious duck of the head and a "*Bonjour, ma tête!*"

Among our possessions was a large stein in the lower part of which was concealed a music-box. When the stein was lifted to one's lips a merry little tune began to play. Occasionally I filled it with beer for the old model, and he was charmed with the toy. Although it was probably made in Switzerland, he regarded the whole affair as "*très américain.*"

Once while the tune was gurgling forth he said: "Now my little grandchild—if she could hear that she would dance you the prettiest little steps you can imagine. Since she was altogether a baby she has been so sensitive to music; ah, but sensitive as no other child. She has only four years as yet, but when she hears an air she can sing it, and she takes her little steps round and round in perfect time, messieurs, in perfect time on the beat. If she could see that perhaps——"

He lifted the stein and shook his head with pleasure in her fancied surprise.

"You would enjoy to behold her in the little wreath that was given her for her fête-day. The wife of an American artist who lived here gave her the wreath and ribbons for her last fête-day." Turning in his chair, he held out his hand above the floor and continued:

"Only so high, monsieur; the hair of a gold blonde, the eyes a ravishing blue. Oh, la, la, not like every child in the parks; not like the little dark things that are so plentiful. But now she is ill. She does not dance, and for her next fête-day, which is coming very soon, I have nothing at all, at all." The old fellow put down the stein and sighed dejectedly. A long pause ensued.

"That's rather a broad hint," I remarked to Campbell. "The old boy, I'm inclined to think, is the dodgerest of all the dodgers. It isn't ribbons and wreaths he wants, but money for tobacco and absinthe."

"Lemoyne, you have what they call here the *idée fixe* on this subject. The matter-

of-fact streak which I notice in you now and then seems all to the fore. You don't catch the sentiment of the thing at all. The very tone of your voice is so hard that you make me sit up."

Evidently the vision of the little, dancing, blond girl had impressed Campbell. I am not sure but that Saint Peter got some money for the birthday ribbons.

Although I continued skeptical about the little grandchild, while Campbell accepted her existence as a fact, we entered into no further discussions. We found that Saint Peter was really a *bon camarade*. He was interested in our Americanisms, childishly pleased with any novelty among our belongings, and always game under an unexpected test. One day when he was chilled and unusually tired I gave him a pretty stiff glass of whiskey. It was no drink for a weakling, but he swallowed it manfully. After the first sip he looked at me inquiringly but took another gulp.

"*Q'est-ce que c'est?*" he asked, blinking. "Veesky, ah!" Another gulp. "*Chaud!*" "Hot stuff, yes," I agreed.

"*Américain?* Ah! *Je serai tout à fait américain,*" he concluded, and finished the drink with a bleary smile. Gasping, he got off his whole stock of English:

"Sank you. Yess-s. Sleeping-car, plum-pudding;" then he returned to his pose.

The subject of my Salon picture was an old, old soldier, a cavalryman, dying in a hospital. In the last hour of his delirium he fancies himself again in the thick of battle, unhorsed, but fighting to the finish. Raising himself upon one arm, his eyes gleaming with intensity, as he tries to cheer, he thrusts an imaginary pistol into the face of an imaginary foe. I called it, "With Napoleon Again."

The days flew by until we had reached Wednesday in the second week, and as I began to get my palette ready that morning I said to Campbell,

"Two days more will finish it, and just in time, by Jupiter!"

The old model, however, did not appear with his usual promptness. A half-hour passed, and I was fretting. An hour passed, and I was wrathful. An hour and a half, and I was profane.

"This comes of paying a model by the day," I growled irascibly.

"Perhaps his little grandchild——" began Campbell.



*Drawn by J. C. Chase*

HE SANK INTO A CHAIR, AND BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS .

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Campbell, don't give me that now. I can't stand it; I'm sick of it," said I, with vehemence, dashing out to the head of the stairs to see if a fancied step might be Saint Peter's. No one was there, and I returned moodily.

"If he is not here by noon I shall go after him," I said at last, and Campbell agreed to go with me.

At twelve o'clock we copied carefully from our address-book the old fellow's street and number, and started on our quest. We turned into Saint Placide, and then up the Rue de Rennes, by the Gare Montparnasse, to find the tiny street in which the old man had his quarters.

"Twelve, Fourteen, here we are," I cried, as we entered a dark, low hallway, and mounted the broken stairs. At the top Campbell said softly, "Wait a minute," and stopped to listen.

"Oh, come on!" I answered impatiently. "Don't you know every minute counts? Here's half the day wasted already."

I struck a wax match, and made a little flare by which to assure myself, if possible, that we had found the right door. But there was no card nor sign of any kind, and we could only assume that we were right because Saint Peter had mentioned that he lived on the top floor.

I rapped. There was no response. I rapped again. Still there was no answer. Trying the door, I found it unlocked, and we stepped into the room. There had been a pitiful attempt to darken it, but it remained in that half-light which is more dismal than darkness.

Beside a cot, unheeded of our abrupt entrance, sat our Saint Peter, with both his hands clutching the sides of a mattress, while his eyes, wide-open, gazed fixedly at a little golden-haired figure that lay still, very still, upon the cot.

I stood confused a moment, but Campbell was plucking at my arm, and we stepped back into the hallway.

"Lemoine," said he in my ear, "the little one's dead, sure enough, and the poor old chap's been sitting there, God only knows how long."

I covered my eyes with my hand for a moment, for the vividness of that picture

upon which the door had just closed was too keen, too painful; the desolate man and his dead grandchild in the foreground, in the background marks of the labor which had occupied him in the hours not given to posing. I had seen in my brief glance a low platform under the window, and thereon the upright framework of a basket, some peeled willow sticks woven in and out between the uprights; beside it was a bundle of pliable twigs, with the short, sharp knife which the basket-weaver uses and the blunt iron piece with which he pounds each round of his work into place. These seemed to me homely symbols of the thread and shears of the Fates.

We made our way downstairs more quietly than we had gone up. I do not think he knew that we had been there. But we spent some hours in his service, I, with a feeling of belated atonement, following Campbell's guidance in the arrangements which it was necessary to make.

As we walked back to the studio I said: "But she would probably have grown up to be an Alys, or an Yvonne, or a Jeanne—just a cheap little thing with no chance. She's better out of it."

"Oh, yes," said Campbell, "she's better out of it. But the poor old boy doesn't know that."

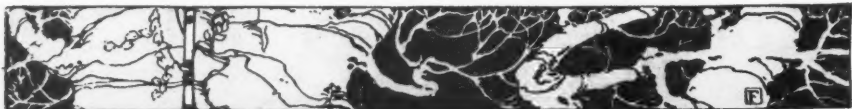
That night I took the unfinished picture down from the easel, and turned it face to the wall. And then we went out, for I could not have stayed in the room with it.

About the middle of the forenoon of the next day, we heard a rap at the door, and in came Saint Peter. "*Bonjour, mes-sieurs,*" he said, and walked up to the easel just as he had done every morning, save one, for almost two weeks. The "*Bonjour, ma tête!*" was upon his lips before he saw that the picture had been removed from the easel.

He stood uncertainly a moment, brushed his hand across his forehead, and looked at me. Then turning to Campbell he said in a choking voice,

"Monsieur, my little grandchild, she is—"

He sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.







DR. THOMAS'S BALLOON, THE *NIRVANA*, HALF A MILE ABOVE NEW YORK CITY

# The Perils and Pleasures of Ballooning

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A NOTED AERONAUT WHO HAS MADE MANY DARING ASCENTS BY NIGHT AS WELL AS BY DAY AND HAD NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH

By Dr. Julian P. Thomas



WHEN I was a small boy it was a favorite pastime of my companions and myself to climb high up in trees and swing from branch to branch. The tender pines which grew about my Georgia home would sway as we jumped, and I could make leaps of from twenty to thirty feet. I excelled at the sport and none of my companions could catch me. I believe that in that squirrel-like amusement were born the wishes and ambitions that have led me to go up some twelve thousand feet in the air, sailing through the clouds, seeing the glories of the sunset, high above the land, and spending fourteen hours in the midst of a terrific storm with the lightnings playing above and below me; and to do all this suspended in a frail basket under the gas-bag of a balloon.

I must refer again to my youth in telling of my balloon experiences. I suffered at one time from a severe attack of malarial

fever, and after that I was unable to climb trees and jump from one to another. For the first time I experienced fear while doing so, and my confidence was never regained. Later I learned that I could not look from a great height without wishing to jump off, and this feeling has bothered me all my life. I wished to overcome it and was always extremely anxious to know if the same sensation would be with me when up in a balloon. On the day I made my first ascension I climbed to the top of the gas-tank from which the balloon was being filled, and as I mounted the frail stairs the sensation was experienced again. However, I was determined to make the ascent and was delighted to find that as I rose from the ground there was neither fear nor the wish to jump, to disturb the enormous pleasure that awaited me.

I have since decided that the natural vibrations of the body, which one becomes conscious of when on a great height, cause the fear of falling and the wish to get over the suspense by actually making the leap.

One is resisting the wind when over a precipice. This adds to the swaying of the body and exaggerates the sensation. But in a balloon there is no wind; all is quiet and calm. The first great sensation is that of losing that which is disturbing as the world, with all its turmoil and strife, recedes from the man in the balloon.



A TYPICAL PLEASURE BALLOON — THE RICH MAN'S NEWEST HOBBY

The discordant noises, the shrieking of whistles, the harsh cheers of the crowd, all of which generally attend an ascension, die down and, becoming fainter and fainter, finally end in a noiseless peace which those who have always stayed on the earth cannot appreciate.

I had been through the list of sports which have in them the element of excitement. I had broken bronchos on the plains, and raced automobiles at terrific

rates of speed. There seemed nothing for me to do that would satisfy my desire for excitement until one day I saw Knabenshue sail over New York in his air-ship. In that hour I made up my mind that I would navigate the air, and I have faithfully kept my resolve. Not in a haphazard way nor looking merely for the excitement of the ascents, but in the laboratory, by study and numberless experiments and by learning the conditions that are to be met in the air, I have tried to solve the problem that is probably the greatest one confronting the intellectual world to-day.

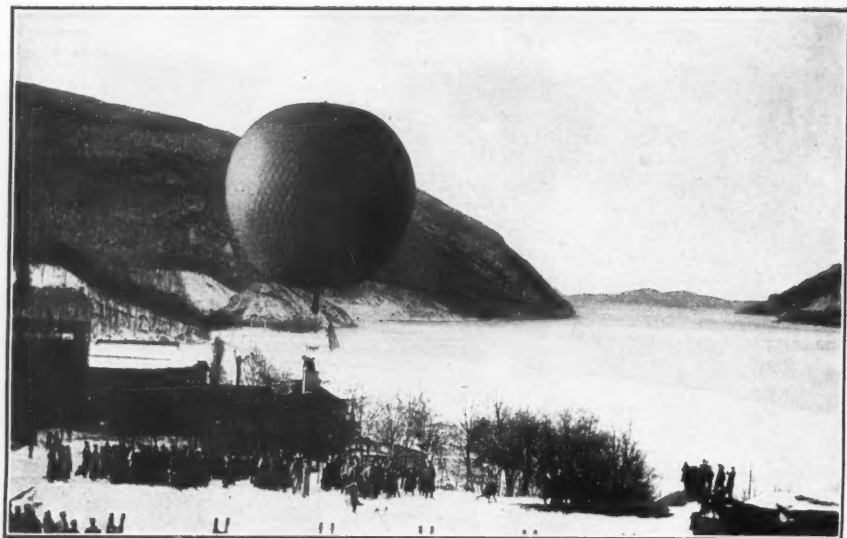
I began by experimenting with the hot-air balloon, and sent up numbers of them in order to become familiar with the currents of the air as well as to decide on the best shape. After using every conceivable form of balloon, I reached the conclusion that the spherical one has advantages over all others. At the same time I planned a series of experiments in the manufacture of hydrogen-gas, which is still being carried on.

It was of course necessary for me to make ascents to carry out the ideas I had, actually to test the various devices I was making, and to give me a chance to experiment at all altitudes. Accordingly, last summer, I bought from Mallet, of Paris, my new balloon, *Nirvana*, the largest one in the country, which has a gas-bag with a capacity of sixty thousand cubic feet, is forty-seven feet in diameter when inflated, and stands sixty feet high when ready for an ascent. In this balloon I have made some dozen ascents, on two occasions taking my wife with me, which fact will give some idea of the degree of safety with which I believe ballooning can be done.

There is something about the start of a balloon ascension which gives a thrill that cannot be experienced on any other occasion. This is especially true to the one who is to be the navigator. He cannot delegate to others, entirely, the responsibility of seeing that the balloon is in perfect condition before he trusts his life to it. The valves must work properly; the cords must be strong; the bag itself must not leak; the net must be on correctly; the basket must be properly attached and stored with instruments, water, and food. It would take but a moment in the air to find out a mistake that would cost the navigator and his passengers their lives. I believe that a



THERE IS NO FEAR AS ONE SEES THE EARTH RECEDING FROM UNDER THE BALLOON



A WINTER ASCENSION AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK

broken cord had much to do with causing the death of Paul Nocquet. Wausher forgot his knife when he made an ascension last spring, and when he landed in the marshes the bag collapsed over him and he could not free himself from the rigging. Only the speed of our boat saved him from death, for he was unconscious from the escaping gas when I reached him. It was a defective wire holding the bamboo stays of the aeroplane in place which, giving way in mid-air, caused the frame to snap and dropped Israel Ludlow a thousand feet to the ground at Ormond Beach last winter and broke his back.

It takes hours to inflate the balloon, but there is plenty of work to do as the gas slowly lifts the limp bag and spreads it out into a firm sphere. When it is tense and tugs at the numerous sand-bags the car is made ready, slipped under, and attached. All is tested again and the navigator steps in, the bags are let loose, one by one, the assistants hang on for a minute, then let go, and soon the earth is far behind.

There is no fear as one sees the earth receding from under the balloon—at least there was none with me. At the height of a few hundred feet a sense of tranquillity comes over one, and actual happiness, which increases with the distance from the earth,

begins to be felt. The atmospheric pressure which the man on the earth is all the time enduring diminishes as the balloon rises in the air. Physical and mental exhilaration follows. The muscles seem harder, the heart beats with more ease, and there is a sense of lightness and freedom that cannot be easily described. At the same time there is an awakening of the mentality. The senses are keener. Perception is increased; one thinks more quickly, and the thoughts are more exalted. The amount of nervous energy which one expends while in the air is enormous. It is not appreciated, of course, until the earth is reached again. But then the effects are severe and often lasting.

The wonderful sensations experienced in the air are, to a great extent, compensated for by the depression which follows the descent. The sensation is similar to that of coming out of a caisson where one has been under the pressure of many atmospheres. As is generally known, it is dangerous to come suddenly from under a heavy air-pressure out into a normal atmosphere. In a rapid descent in a balloon something like the same sensations are experienced. In a trip I made in August I dropped to the ground with terrific rapidity from an altitude of ten thousand feet. I

had gone up early in the morning, with my brother, after having been out for several hours with the balloon the night before. Leakage overnight, while the balloon had been tied to a tree, had considerably deflated it, but I counted upon the sun expanding the gas, as it always does, and the bag being therefore well filled again.

We had reached the high altitude above mentioned and were sailing along rather aimlessly when we suddenly struck a cold current of air and immediately began to fall. We dropped through clouds which chilled and contracted the gas still more, and shot down as fast as a partially inflated balloon can fall. We were tearing down faster than sand could fall, for when we threw a little out, it seemed to shoot up-

ward, and pieces of paper that we let go were apparently whirled above us. To make things worse we were landing over a forest, which also had a cooling effect. When but a short distance from the ground I let go what ballast we had, which of course affected the speed of the descent, but nevertheless we crashed through the tops of the trees, tearing the limbs off as we went, and landed with considerable force on the ground.

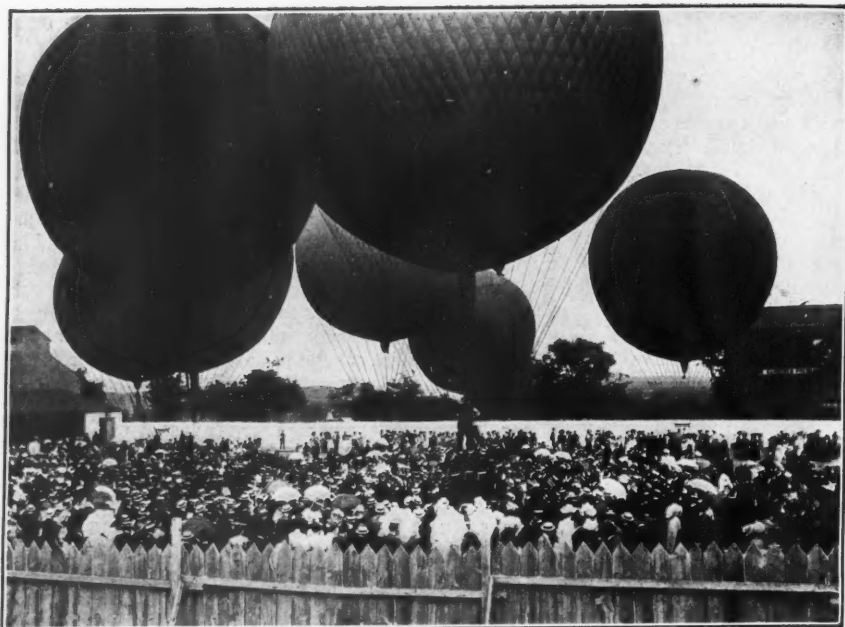
It was necessary for my brother to get out and for me to dispose of everything I could before the balloon would rise again high enough to be brought down in a place where it could be safely deflated.

One of the strangest sensations that the balloonist experiences is that of being lost

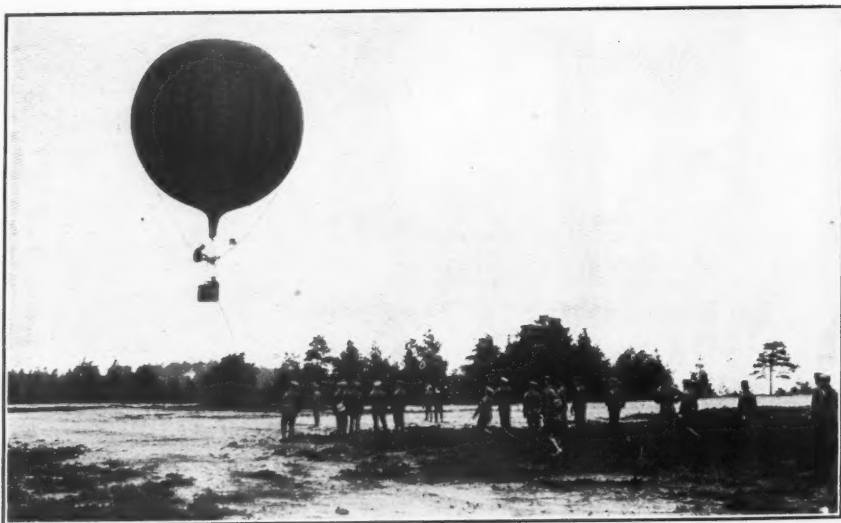


DR. THOMAS, MRS. THOMAS, AND THEIR SON READY FOR AN AERIAL EXCURSION





A BALLOON RACE AT MADRID STARTING FROM THE AERO CLUB'S GROUNDS

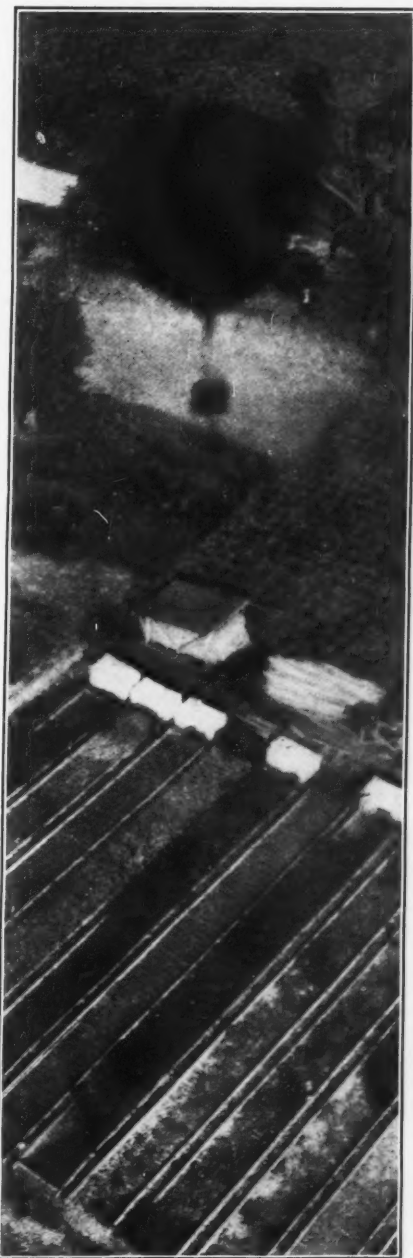


AN ENGLISH WAR-BALLOON ASCENDING FROM THE PARADE-GROUNDS AT ALDERSHOT

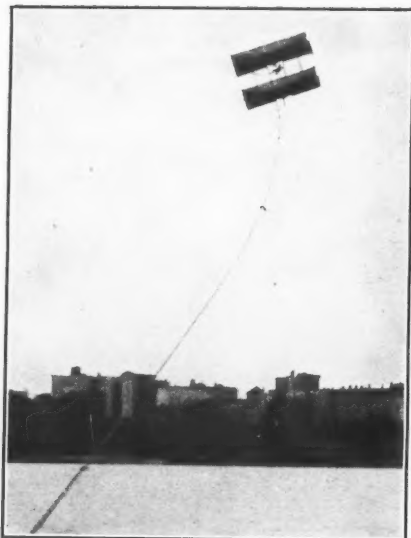
in a fog. The absolute separation which one feels at that time cannot be duplicated in any other human experience. At such a time there is no calculating of position. The statoscope tells whether the balloon is rising or falling, but beyond that there is no way of knowing east or west, north or south. When one can see, the drag rope, extending three hundred feet below the car, will tell by its swaying which way the balloon is proceeding. But in a fog this, of course, cannot be seen. The knowledge of the direction in which a balloon is drifting is of extreme importance to those who are in it.

The sea is the great danger of the aeronaut. It is the one dread thing that is always before him. The peril of being blown out over the ocean or other large body of water is ever in his mind, and he is constantly calculating his position with this thought in view. To be lost in a fog, then, exposes him to his greatest enemy. The balloon has a tendency to revolve, and one cannot long keep any sense of direction in his head. The compass is likewise useless, placing the aerial navigator at the mercy of the unfelt wind. In this situation there are sounds which resemble those of the sea, and occasionally the fog seems to part and open up the awful deep. It is strange how a man can face such moments with merely a fleeting sense of fear. What it would be to find oneself over the ocean can be easily imagined. Yet even when the terrible conviction comes, that below the fog is water, it is accepted, in the exalted state a man's mind is in when high in the air, without disturbance, and the result is watched for with perfect tranquillity. It is something like a man eating just before he is hung; or the calmness with which a person can look down the barrel of a revolver in the hand of his enemy.

I remember we were lost in a fog on the long trip we took a few months ago when we landed near the coast of the Atlantic Ocean in Massachusetts. It lasted for hours. At times we could hear water under us, but did not know whether it was a river that would be able to do us little harm if we landed in it or the unfathomable ocean that would mean death if we ever touched it. There is nothing for the balloonist to do in such a situation. If he fears that he is over the sea, he must stay up as long as he can or until the fog breaks and possibly relieves



THE SHADOW CAST BY DR. THOMAS'S BALLOON  
ON A LONG ISLAND FARM—THIS PHOTO-  
GRAPH WAS MADE BY DR. THOMAS  
FROM THE CAR OF THE *NIRANA*



ISRAEL LUDLOW SAILING SKYWARD IN HIS AERO-PLANE OVER THE HUDSON RIVER



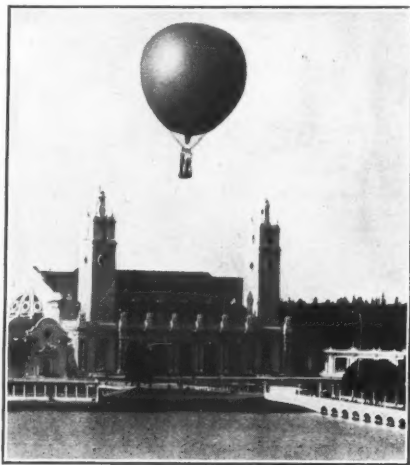
THE *NIRVANA* IN FULL FLIGHT OVER LONG ISLAND

his suspense. Several times when I have been in such a position the fog has cleared underneath me in such a way as to make me believe that I was over the great wide ocean with all of its terrible possibilities.

But far more wonderful than the fog or the loveliness of the cloudland which looks like great white mountains floating around in space, and more impressive even than the broad expanse of land on a clear and sunny day, is the storm. To be in the lightning, to have it above and below, to hear the thunder crash about me, to see the clouds condense and the moisture gather on

the bag of the balloon and fall down the sides until it was a perfect spout, pouring down on my head—this was an experience I once had that lasted for fourteen and a half hours. The storm was so grand that

in its horror it failed to terrorize. The lightning was not forked nor in streaks; there would simply be an opening up of blue flame which extended on all sides and cannot be described by anything except the old-fashioned idea of hell. The electricity was so prevalent that the ropes snapped as I touched them. Yet the very fact that I was immediately in the storm with



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AN ASCENSION AT THE PORTLAND EXPOSITION

the lightning completely surrounding me, prevented the gas-bag from exploding, as it would have done had a match been touched to it.

But it is neither in the storm nor in the unusual manifestations of the forces of the air that the real pleasure of a balloon trip is found. It is, rather, in the sailing over the earth where the city and the country can be seen as a bird sees them, watching the rivers that look like threads and the mountains that are mere playthings below, and being in a way a master of space as man in all the ages has not been. And this is the exquisite joy



AN ASCENSION FROM THE BRONX GAS-WORKS,  
NEW YORK—DR. THOMAS AND  
CHARLES LEVEE IN THE CAR

of the balloonist, that he can claim to have found a sport with which none other can compare.

Interest in ballooning has been much stimulated by the very successful long-distance race held last September under the auspices of the Aero Club of Paris. Sixteen contestants started, and there were no mishaps. The winner was Lieut. Frank P. Lahm, of the Sixth U. S. Cav-

alry. In his balloon, the *United States*, he covered the distance of four hundred and fifteen miles between Paris and Fylingdale, Yorkshire, England, in twenty-six hours and fifteen minutes.



A CAPTIVE BALLOON WITH A CARGO OF SOCIETY FOLK—THE MOST MODERN FORM OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT



MAUDE FEALY, WHO IS NOW PLAYING HER FIRST  
SEASON AS A "STAR" IN A NEW THREE-ACT  
COMEDY DRAMA BY MARTHA MORTON CON-  
HEIM, ENTITLED "THE ILLUSION OF BEATRICE"







MAUDE ADAMS

## Alan Dale's Recipes for Making "Stars"

**A**FRENCH observer who visited Manhattan quite recently, with a view to studying its drama, found one feature that threw him into spectacular amazement. This was the surprising number of "stars" illumining the New York stage. He found that number so large that he could discover no room in the theatrical firmament for planets of the second magnitude, or "minor" planets. As he floated from theater to theater and viewed the list of names printed in fat, black letters on the playbills, he formulated these queries: "What authority is it which labels an artist a 'star'? Is it the public, or is it some other hidden power?" In Paris intelligent people go to the theater to see a play well acted, without caring very much about the personalities of the interpreters. In New York, on the other hand, the play is very often subservient to the boosted actor or actress who appears in it.

Our French observer observed a good deal more than he even thought he observed. He hit the situation in the bull's-eye, with a quite wonderful aim, though he was naturally not conversant with our conditions. He came from an old-fashioned land, in which a "star" is an actor of ripe,

lifelong experience, who has climbed to his eminence after years of struggle and conflict, who is a master of rhetoric, a classical expert, and whose superiority to the small beginner is a matter, not of opinion, but of solid fact.

All this is, as I have said, old-fashioned and obsolete. We were there ourselves once—surely. Years ago we had real "stars" who could dominate and illumine, with whose inner lives we were delightfully unacquainted. In a word, we had actors from whom we expected acting instead of posing, and rhetoricians from whose lips we wanted eloquence instead of the mumblings of irresistible hallucination.

What our French observer did not realize—and what I intend that he shall realize—is that this wonderful city of New York is the great seat of the manufacture of "stars," an industry as colossal in its way as that of the famous sausage calling in Chicago. The fame of Chicago has gone forth to the world, canned and warranted to keep. There is no earthly reason why New York should suffer the blight of neglect. New York makes "stars," not only of its own native incompetents, but even of those belonging to other lands. It cheerfully takes the mildewed, misunderstood actors of England, who have gone moldy in the gloom of London, and before they



MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO THIS SEASON HAS A  
RÔLE FITTING HER TALENTS AND TEMPERAMENT  
AS THE HEROINE OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S  
NEW AMERICAN DRAMA, "THE GREAT DIVIDE"





MARIE DORO, ONE OF THE CLEVEREST OF THE  
YOUNGER ACTRESSES ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.  
APPEARING THIS YEAR IN THE LEADING RÔLE  
OF WILLIAM GILLETTE'S LATEST PLAY, "CLARICE"





DORIS KEANE, WHO HAS MADE A DECIDED HIT AS RACHEL NEVE, THE HEROINE OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES' LATEST PLAY, "THE HYPOCRITES," WHICH RECENTLY WAS PRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN NEW YORK



JANE OAKER, WHO HAS WON MUCH POPULARITY AS LEADING WOMAN FOR WILTON LACKAYE AND IN THE STOCK COMPANIES OF THE WESTERN CITIES AND IS LOOKED UPON AS ONE OF THE "STARS" OF THE NEAR FUTURE





PAULINE FREDERICKS. A TALENTED YOUNG  
ACTRESS WHO HAS JOINED THE FORCES OF  
JAMES K. HACKETT, AND WILL BE SEEN IN  
SEVERAL OF HIS PRODUCTIONS THIS SEASON



realize it they are great American "stars" with large followings. Their pictures are on the highways and byways. Their home lives are treated of in graphic display in the magazines. They talk of art in the Sunday papers (because the Monday ones want news), and their views on anything count. I may point out to our French friend that this wonderful thing has even happened to French artists who have come here non-illustrious, and have been transformed by the splendid machinery of the "star" factory into profitable and eminent "head-liners."

Our "star"-making factory is quite as wonderful in its way as the jam industry of London and the sausage profession of Chicago. Every season we drop at least half a dozen meek young people who can neither talk distinctly, act convincingly, nor give any evidence of dramatic fitness, into that fine, open-mouthed machine, and out they come at the other end as "stars," full fledged. To be sure, the process is not quite as simple as I have seemed to indicate. Before the fresh, unripe actor fruit is dropped into the machine, it has to undergo certain processes. These, however, are perfectly mechanical. They are by no means marked in any way. These processes are not at all unlike those suggested in the cook-book for the evolution of, let us say, raised muffins and baked potatoes. They are dependent upon certain unvarying rules. Any actor can be a "star" (I make this statement as sweeping as I possibly can with no loophole for modification), by strictly adhering to the rules of the recipe. He may be an English actor who has never played a good part in his life, a French actor who suffers from that blight known as a "dialect," or an American actor who has just emerged from the delightful incubators of the butters-in, usually referred to as "schools for acting." It makes no difference; the recipe never fails.

Here is a recipe that is immensely popular, and that really requires very little labor. It has always succeeded, and by its means you can make several "stars" at once. Many of the luminaries now twinkling in our firmament owe their eminence to this simple, Aunt-Priscilla-like recipe:

*Select several large ladies of uniform size and shape. Photograph them thoroughly, until their features have been all absorbed. Bake them in the hot oven of publicity for about a*

*year, or until they are soft. Press them to see that they are soft, but do not pierce them with the fork of criticism. When soft, break them into a playhouse, and serve at once in a society play. They become heavy if kept too long.*

I could name at least six ladies who are "starring" to-day by means of this recipe. They had been playing small parts in stock companies, or had made little flashy hits in Clyde Fitch plays, when the dramatic chef sought them out, subjected them to this pleasing recipe, and then dropped them into the machine. You will find a recipe, not at all unlike this, in a popular cook-book for the production of baked potatoes, and it is a recipe that has stood the test for many years.

Here is a recipe that is exceedingly popular, and has given us many male "stars" who have even been able, by its means, to tackle Shakespeare. Instead of the obsolete method of making an actor work for years, study until he is pale and haggard, and know all the agonies of vicissitude and rebuff, our wonderful factory can make Shakespearian "stars" of young, good-looking, utterly ignorant, and perfectly impossible strutters, by just following these simple rules:

*Make a batter of photographic camera, well stirred into picturesque attitudes, eccentric poses, and striking costumes. Let this be moved one way with a powerful press-agent until the mixture boils over into the daily, Sunday, and weekly papers, taking care that none of it is spilled. Grease a pan with a few thousand dollars and put the batter therein. Then, with the same press-agent still working hard at the stirring, drop in half a dozen young men. Beat well, and then let stand in a chilly place. The "star" actors will rise to the top. They must be served at once, or they will be tough.*

There is really very little difference between the preparation of raised muffins and that of "star" actors, as we understand the term to-day. There is no problem. Even the selection of the young men doesn't matter. Any young men will suit the dramatic purpose, provided they be good-looking and reasonably tall. The absurd, old-fashioned notion of talent is of no importance in our factories to-day. It takes time and other things to develop talent, and our quick stage cannot wait while actors are working and worrying. It needs its

"stars" hot from the grill, and the supply is even greater than the demand.

It is also possible to make "stars" and get them ready for the machine as one makes "macaroni with cheese"—a dish that has always had adherents. It is popular with many managers who cross the Atlantic every year to see if the macaroni over there is any better than that they can use on their native heath. This is the recipe:

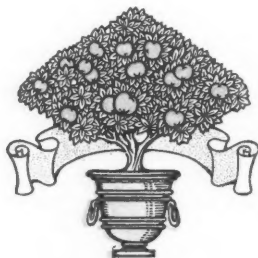
*Take as many actors as will fill half a play. Break their ability into pieces with lines that are too difficult for them. Put them into salty, boiling water, and keep them there until their heads swell and they are as fresh as salt can possibly make them. Remove to a saucepan over a fire of hot publicity. (Be careful not to use merit, but the cheaper press-agent article, which flares up more quickly.) Drain the actors into a pictorial supplement, cover well with highfalutin adjectives, and drop over them a good, ripe, well-selected manager's name. One caution must be observed: Keep this young, soft dish from the hardening effect of criticism. To do this, remove every critic from the vicinity.*

Criticism is the one thing that our busy "star" factories dread. Without it, you see, they can adulterate their goods. They can use the oleomargarin of fake methods, instead of the butter of simon-pure experience. Criticism, like the investigations of the health department, is naturally somewhat of a deterrent to the machinery of the factory. It is the curse of the business—unless, of course, the criticism happens to be green and harmless, with a nice dash of effective hoodwink in it. But it is quite possible nowadays to go on manufacturing

"stars" without fearing the investigation of the critical department. Health may be concerned about sausages and the purity of canned meats; but canned "star" actors may, if necessary, be put up quite rancid and unfit for the market.

The heads of the actor factory have, by a recent decision, acquired the power to shoo away any investigators who come nosing around after the genuineness of the goods. They can say to these officials: "No, you cannot investigate my goods. If you do, I shall make a pulp of you. You cannot analyze my cans; I refuse to permit you to do so, for I have the law on my side. I consider my canned 'stars' as part and parcel of my domestic belongings, and I give no man the right to prowl around investigating my domestic belongings."

Thus you will see, my dear French observer, that while you have observed effects you have not looked for causes. You have said that we are an "all-star" community, but you have not tried to discover why. You have not noticed how easy it is, how quick it is, how ingenuous it is, and how up-to-date it is. It is as far superior to old methods as the telephone is to a ponderous letter, or as a railway train is to a stage-coach. Moreover, it gets there infallibly. There is never a hitch. You can cook your "stars" as unerringly as your potatoes or your muffins, and if you think that undignified, it is merely because even your thoughts are old-fashioned. Show us any of your bad actors in France, and we will guarantee to bring them over and make "stars" of 'em in—er—the twinkling of a double bed-post.





"THEY WAS COLLECTORS FOR SOME MUSEEYUM BACK EAST"

## His Simple Life

By Emerson Hough

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH



EVERYBODY knows of the spectacular exhibitions by which the eastern half of America is taught the true and abiding characteristics of the western civilization. It is, therefore, unnecessary to enter upon details as to this particular Wild West show.

First, of course, came the grand pee-rade, with perhaps a couple of dozen riders, white and red. "Ah!" thought I, "if only one of these boys could ride like Jimmy Tough or Dick Wilson!"

There was something in the figure of one of the leading cow-punchers which distantly reminded me of the latter gentleman. Presently, he stooped in his stirrups to pick

up a fallen hat, missed it, and turned aside with a humorous twist of the mouth which was unmistakable. "Dick!" I cried. Afterward, I met him among the tents and upbraided him as one fallen from grace.

"I know it, oh! I know it," said he; "I'm low down, an' I don't deny it. I didn't think I'd ever come to this; but a feller has to eat if ever he onct forms the habit."

"You know," he continued after a time, "I was horse inspector at the Chicago stock yards for a while, not long after Jim Mulhally and me raided the dance hall up in Montanny, and rid off dressed up in pink tights and angel wings, behind a bunch of horses we found loose enough to drive. I told you Jim later got in the penitentiary. I did some time in the stock yards myself

an' then pushed out west again. Down at Kansas City, as luck would have it, I met up with Jimmy Tough; you know him. We was both broke an' had to do something. Couldn't go back to Wyoming because we was both blacklisted there by the cattle associations. Couldn't go to Montanny, on account of that dance-hall business. Jimmy says to me, 'Say, where all *can* we go at, anyway?'

"Most anywheres will do me," says I; 'but the trouble is these days, there *ain't* no anywheres.'

"Jimmy he sighed. 'The only thing we can do,' says he, 'is to find a job ridin' along a wire fence, or bringin' the little lambies home at night.' An' we was straight-up cow-punchers, both of us, onct.

"At last Jimmy says, says he: 'They've got all the Injuns corralled down in the Nations. An' you know,' says he to me, 'that where there's Injuns there's always horses.'

"That's enough said," says I. So we started.

"We moved down along where the old cow trail used to be, an', say, it was a shame! There was grangers everywhere, same as there was up in Wyoming; farms, barns, hay stacks, an' merry windmills every way you looked; country all full of folks that called themselves white. What we run against was one continual procession of oil belts, an' political canvasses, an' town elections, an' leading citizens of new commercial emporiums.

"At last we got down near to what we took to be the Kiowas. Anyhow, them folks had horses scandalous. We starts off one night with about a hundred or so. It ain't no sin to take horses away from Injuns. It's a heap more sinful to fence up the open range. It was the hardest thing you ever saw to get that bunch of horses to any place that wasn't full of barbed wire an' prattlin' babes. We tried to work north, dodgin' the courthouses the best we could acrost this here country that they used to call the Range, but the very first night out, we was jumped by about eighteen hundred mixed population, an' we had to scatter.

"Jimmy, he went west with about forty head. I circled the rest of the bunch and got away with them, but which way we went I never did know. I kep' on a-ridin'. In about four days I headed into a wire-

fence lane, an' run acrost a new sort of Injuns—several houses, sort of village, I reckon. Without sayin' nuthin' to nobody I turned out my horses in the creek bottom an' went around to hunt up the chief. I had a plan made up in my mind. I could see there wasn't no chance for a honest, straight-up cow-puncher no more. Says I to myself: '*Amigo*, times has changed. You never have been a squaw man, but it looks like, in the plans of divine Providence, here is where you are. Yes, here's where you settle down an' live the simple life.'

"I steps onto the veranda of the chief's tepee, an' knocks at the door. The chief he stops playin' on the new pianny the government had give him, (he was playin' 'Rosalie, the Prairie Flower,' not much, but the best he could) an' he comes out on the porch in right new pajamas, green, with yellow stripes.

"What can I do for you, my good man?" says he to me.

"Great and good friend," says I to him, 'in me you behold a chief just in on the fast mail from the Kiowa country. I am searchin' for a offensive an' defensive alliance with yore tribe. I've got as good a ree-cord as anyone else down here. I can ride an' shoot a-plenty, an' I've got a good bunch of horses over on the creek.'

"He looks at me thoughtful, an' says he to me, 'Walk in.' Then he plays me 'Rosalie,' which was painful, but necessary.

"The chief an' me talks over things together after a while, an' the upshot of it is that he turns me over to some old women, who, he allows, can pick me out a bride suitable for a chieftain with something like a hundred head of horses. You know I am dark complected, an' my hair was long. As to bein' a squaw man, I hated to do it, but there didn't seem no other way to make a honest livin'; an' you know I've always scorned everything not strictly on the square.

"I didn't allow them women to hurry the game none, but I just set around an' kep' my eyes open. One day I saw a Injun princetress come along, a-riding on her new, low-framed bike. Says I to myself, 'Here's it!' She was a shore peach, right white, with blue ribbons, Carlisle girl, fresh back from school and hadn't had time to get Injun all over again yet.

"That's Lucy Redhorse," says my



friend when I ast what was the name of this perl.

"Lucy fer me!" says I; an' says she, 'That goes!' Says she, 'You sweeten it abou ten horses, an' I'll see what I can do.'

"Ain't ten a little steep?" says I.

"Not fer Lucy," says she, firm. 'You see, Lucy's plumb educated.'

"I chipped in the ten, an', to make that part of it short, in due time Lucy she puts her little hand in mine, an' we ambles to the missionary an' gets married accordin' to the idees of the church an' Injun Department.

"I allowed I'd settle right down there for keeps. I was plumb wore out tryin' to get a steady job, anyways. Lucy she had plenty of land, more land than I ever did want to farm, an' a nice log house with a spring near by. Just beyond, in the creek bottom, was a cottonwood grove where all Lucy's folks was buried, Injun fashion, you know, wrapped up an' left on platforms up in the trees. Sometimes Lucy would stick her chewin'-gum on the side of our house, an' go out an' sing exceedin' to her ancestors, more especial' in the evenin'.

"Now, I'd be down there right now, helpin' Lucy sing, fer I drop right into line in all the game, if it wouldn't of been fer Lucy's ma."

Mr. Wilson fell thoughtful, but presently resumed with a sigh.

"I'd been right brash about enterin' holy wedlock," said he, "I'll admit that; but you see I didn't know what time the Kiowas would get me located an' start something, so I had to marry in self-defense. Bein' in such a hurry, I overlooked a few Injun customs I ought to of been posted in.

"One of these here fool Injun idees is that when a young married man meets his mother-in-law, he must never speak to her. I wish to God there was some such a custom like that among white folks! Anyways, if Mr. Injun meets his mother-in-law, she kivers up her face in her blanket, he turns away his head, an' they don't say a word as they pass by. You can't talk to your wife's mother, though you can play poker with your brother-in-law.

"Well, one day I meets Lucy's ma right in the middle of the trail, kerryin' a pail of water, an' fer the sake of bein' perlit, I says to her, 'Good mornin', Mrs. Redhorse, let me kerry the pail.'

"At this Mrs. Redhorse lets out a Tonk-away screech you could of heard four miles. She 'lows her new son-in-law is plenty spurious. In about a hour there is a tribal caucus on my case. After it's over, the head man comes an' interviews me, an' he extracts from me a promise that I'll never do such a thing again. He also extracts fifteen horses.

"This was hard, but I kep' on learnin' more about life with the aborgynes. One day, two old red ladies comes along an' allows they'll embroider me a doorplate out of real beads an' calfskin—there ain't no buckskin any more, except what is made from cows. 'That goes,' says I, me wantin' to be liberal, you know, though I didn't need it any more'n a rabbit. When they get it done, Lucy tells me I ought to loosen about two horses fer this favor they done me. I loosened.

"One night I heard a noise out near our pigpen, an' let go out of the window just fer luck. It seems like I shot my grandfather's nephew, or something of the kind. About two days after the funeral, I was told by the chief that the correct thing fer me to do was to separate from about twenty-five head of horses. I separated. That caught me right hard, too, fer my bunch was quick gettin' littler. After that, every onct in a while, some distant relertive would come around an' touch me fer another horse, on account of havin' helped somewheres in the obsequies. I certainly think that Redhorse family was the prolifickest I ever did see.

"One day, a right young Injun girl that had been to cookin' school somewhere up north, some relertive of mine fer all I know, why, she broils a nice, young dog, an' brings it around an' offers it to me fer a present. I am gettin' up on Injun ways by now, and some shy on presents. But I takes the dog, like I was raised on such. When she ain't lookin' I sets it behind the bed. Nice dog, too, legs stick up at the corners right invitin'. Dog is good, but that was in the roastin'-ear season an' I didn't crave none. After she was gone, I takes my dog from behind the bed, an' says I to Lucy, 'Not fer mine.' 'Oh, Richard!' says Lucy to me, or words to that effect, 'you'll—break—my—heart!'

"'Why, what's wrong this time?' says I. 'Have I done stepped on another ancient custom?'

"'You have!' says she, 'you have!'

"'Which is those?' says I. Then she allowed I ought to of given the graduate a horse for that cooked dog. 'It was cooked special,' says she.

"'But I didn't eat the dog,' says I.

"'That doesn't make no difference,' says Lucy, right firm. 'This house is on the American plan; it was here, an' you could of et it.'

"I threw my eye on Lucy about then an' ast her please go out an' split some wood. Lucy, she splits the wood all right.

"Now I begun to see that my finish was inside of lookin' distance. My horse bunch was gettin' pretty slim. Still, I loosened cheerful every time I broke a tribal custom. I rather liked Lucy, though by now she had shed her Grecian knot, an' was wearin' her hair in two long braids down her back, with a brass *concho* on one len'th an' a white shell on the other. She painted, too, an' every livin' day her toes turned in more. They pry 'em apart at Carlisle, but them feet draws together again, as soon as they get on grass. You can edjercate their heads a few, but not their feet, anyways not permanent.

"You think I'd had trouble enough? Some folks never *do* have trouble enough. One day I steps into a lodge which I hapened to find empty, just hummin' a merry chune to myself, an' sets down an' begins to pick to pieces a little bundle of rags an' tings I found there. All at onct I hears a awful yell, an' there is a old woman peekin' in at the door.

"This certainly will be about eight horses on me,' says I to myself. 'I'm resigned, but I *would* like to know what I've done *this* time.' I found out later. It seems like this here thing I tore to pieces was a sacred medicine-bundle of the tribe, that hadn't been opened fer about three hundred years. To touch it was worse than speakin' to your mother-in-law. When the tribe got over prayin' fer this sac-er-lege on my part, they swiped every livin' remainin' head of horses I had. Says Lucy to me then, 'You'll get into trouble one of these days.' 'An' that's no lie,' says little Richard.

"I ain't superstitious any, but right soon after that, blame me if there didn't come along a cyclone from Kansas, an' wipe up the earth with them there Tonkaways! Mrs. Redhorse, my mother-in-law, was

among them present where the cyclone lit, an' she was among them *absent* after it had went by! We rode sign down the trail a couple of miles, picked her up, wrapped her up nice an' buried her in a tree right near the spring-house. Lucy she wails copious fer a straight month.

"By this time I'm feelin' sorer every day. It ain't so much that Lucy is slippin' back into uncivilized ways, but I'm riled at thinkin' how these here simple savages has skinned me. Here I come with nigh onto a hundred head of stock, and now I ain't got a saddle blanket to my name, nor nuthin' to put it onto. It was time for somethin' else to happen; and it did.

"There come into our village a couple of fellers from the States. They was collectors for some museeyum back East, scientists gatherin' proof that there used to be times ahead of these. Them fellers set in the game right easy an' quiet. They'd look at a old pair of moccasins (an' there was plenty of them, fer most of the tribe was wearin' three-dollar shoes an' hard hats), an' they'd ask what them things was. Three days later they'd buy 'em fer a quarter. I was so tickled to see 'em skin them Tonkaways that I didn't even tell Lucy who they was.

"At last one of them scientists he says to me, says he, 'Has this tribe got anythin' specially valuable, anythin' pertainin' to their old days? Now, a genuine sacred medicine-bundle,' says he, an' he winks at me calm.

"Says I, 'How much?'

"Five dollars if genuine,' says he.

"Fifty dollars with a written guarantee,' says I, an' I wouldn't take a cent less. 'I only want to go to Kansas City,' says I; an' he allows he understands.

"Now,' says he, gettin' ambitious, as we was strollin' along in the soft, silver light of the moon, 'you don't know where I could get a good example of the genuine Injun burial customs, do you?'

"Grove's full of 'em,' says I, pointin' over my shoulder.

"Now,' he says, comin' close up to me an' whisperin', 'a real good example, just as first wrapped up, a real *good* example.'

"Do you bar mother-in-laws?' I ast of him sudden.

"Not in the least,' says he, 'if a typercal example.'



"ONCT IN A WHILE SOME DISTANT RELEKTIVE WOULD TOUCH ME FER ANOTHER HORSE"

"Says I, 'I've got one that's shore typercal. How much?'"

"He allows a hundred would be about right; and thinks I to myself, if my departed relations holds out, here's where I play even fer them horses which also is gone, but not forgot. So I takes him down to the grove, an' showed him where Mrs. Redhorse was a-layin'."

"I suppose scientists has to make a livin' like the rest of us," said Mr. Wilson, ruminatingly. "If anything happened, it wasn't my fault. Anyways, when them two scientists departed with their kivered wagon, I notice a vacant place upstairs. A few days later, Lucy she notice it, too, an' she accuse me on suspicion. 'Lucy,' says I to her, 'you'll—break—my heart!'"

Mr. Wilson again fell into a reverie, which continued for some moments.

"Well, sir," he resumed, finally, "I was down in New York onct, about two years after the time I'm telling you about. I happened to wander into a outfit they

called a natural science academy, or something of the sort. Nice, smooth-shaved chap looked at me, an' when I looked at him some way he seemed familiar, like a feller always remembers every shave-tail mule he ever saw in all his life. Says he to me, 'Excuse me, but ain't you the late husband in the Redhorse family down with the Tonkaways?' I says, 'I am.'

"Come in," says he. "I'm right glad to see you. I know you'll be interested in lookin' through our place. We have a very fine collection here of early Americana; arts, crafts, an' industries all complete; weepsons, utensils, implements—everythin' ancient an' genuine. We have exercised the greatest care," says he, "in makin' our collections; an', says he, winkin' at me, 'if you want to see somethin' typercal, you might examine Case 7, Aisle No. 2.'"

"I takes a look through his line of early-canned goods, like he said, and after

a while I walks over to Case 7, Aisle No. 2, an' looks through the glass. There's mama!

"What's that? Oh, about Lucy? Why, three weeks after I left, Lucy was married to a full-blood, an' they lived happy ever after. Me? Sure I'm married again. Is there any law against it? I married Lucille, the Cattle Queen that rides the mean outlaws every night."

"Well, you ought to be happy," I said, with conventional politeness. "Some men land on their feet wherever they happen to be thrown."

"Some lands married," said Mr. Wilson with a sigh. "I'm them. But somehow, do you know—this is on the strict quiet, of course—sometimes I almost wish't I was back with the Tonkaways, with Lucy drawin' rations, an' mama peaceful

in the spreadin' cottonwood tree. But say, so far as that goes, I can't see that there's a heap of difference between Injun customs an' ours. I'm still a-leadin' the simple life. I'm right care-free; don't even have the resposnerbility of lookin' after my own salary. I remember the eticute all right, an' we never speak when we pass by; but every Saturday night, mama's at the pay window, an' she draws down fer Lucille an' me both. Say, I want to ast you one question."

"What's that?" I queried.

"So far's you have noticed, is cyclones regular in the lines they travel? An' if divine Proverdence an' a scientific museeyum should join hands again for the same purpose, what could a feller do, him bein' natcherly gifted in accumulatin' typercal examples?"



## The Answer

By Elsa Barker



You are God's answer to me in the dark.

Blind in the human wilderness I sought

The road of my redemption, and I wrought

A chain of devious footsteps. But one spark

Fell from the stars' cold lanterns for a mark

Of divination, and I doubted not.

And one spring day the desert river brought

A boat, whose music lured me to embark.

Down from the prow you came and took my hand,

Drawing aside the veil that blinded me—

The veil of old illusions. Now I see

Clearly the land I leave, and understand

Even illusion's purpose. Fearlessly

I sail with you to the undiscovered land.



# What Life Means to Me

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



**E**XHILARATION, anticipation, realization, usefulness, growth—these things life has always meant and is meaning to me. Looking backward, I recall few mornings when I did not greet the day with a certain degree of exhilarating expectancy. Even in times of trouble and sorrow this peculiar quality of mind helped me over obstacles to happiness which, retrospectively viewed, seem insurmountable. A peculiar spiritual egotism possibly it might be called, but it led me to look for special dispensations of Providence in my behalf, and a setting aside of nature's seeming laws and regulations, as well as the violating of reason's codes, that I might be obliged.

Facing the deadly monotony of the commonplace, as a child and a young girl, I always looked for the unusual and romantic to occur. Environed by the need of petty economies, I always expected sudden opulence. Far from the world's center of life and action, I felt that hosts of rare souls were approaching; and, while hungry in heart and brain, I believed that splendid banquets were in preparation for me. What would otherwise have been lonely, troubled, and difficult years were made enjoyable by this exalted state of the imagination.

Such concentration of expectancy, of course, brought some degree of result. Unusual things did happen. And that same virile, vivid imagination magnified them, and made them seem colossal confirmations of my hopes. The commonplace

meadows blossomed with flowers of beauty; and buttercups and daisies looked to me like rare orchids and hothouse roses. Between what really happened to enlarge and brighten my horizon, and what I believed had happened, and what I continually expected to happen, the world widened, existence grew in interest, and earth palpitated with new experiences as the years passed. Always I expected more and more of life, and always it came in some guise.

Such a temperament must have its seasons of despair, its melancholy moods, its self-depreciating periods, and its times of utter dejection. In early youth, such moods came and went like the sudden changes in our American climate in a spring month. But in my darkest hours there was always a consciousness of life's wonderful interest—an intensity of enjoyment even of my own miseries. I was frequently sorry for the dull souls who did not know how to be so unutterably wretched as I could be.

I cannot recall a moment of my life when I wished I had not been born. I have always realized the inestimable privilege of living. Yet, despite this fact, life in that early period, even, meant bitter battles with those moods of discouragement and despondency—moods which seemed to grow in duration and intensity as I entered more fully into an understanding of the world and of myself, and realized how much I wanted to do, to have, and to be, and how difficult was the attainment, virtually alone, and remote from the arenas of action. For my home was in Wisconsin, on a prairie, a dozen miles from a town, and five from a post-office. When a post-



office was established three miles away I felt I was beginning to enjoy the luxuries of a metropolis.

It required little assistance from outside sources to awaken my mind to large rejoicings and to change gloom to glory, in those early days. And, thank God, that quality of mind has always remained with me. It is a composite quality, with equal ingredients of imagination, vanity, unreason, and philosophy. But it is better than a million-dollar dowry for any woman to start with in life. That I placed exaggerated values on many things and events, I lived to learn, often after I obtained the things or passed through the events. I watered my own stock, and frequently found it worthless when offered to my later judgment for sale. But this was the best possible education, of greater value than Latin and Greek for my life's purposes.

The ability to express myself in verse and prose at the age of eight led me into print at fourteen. Small successes dazzled my sight so that succeeding large failures were not fully seen, or lent such light that I was able to grope my way safely over the dark places. At first the pleasure of writing and the pleasure of having people notice my work seemed all-satisfying. It brought, however, its pains as well as its joys, for unless I was praised, shadows covered my sun. There must always be discontent and pain for those who lean largely for enjoyment on the approval which comes from others.

Then I began to earn money and to be helpful to the family. Oh, the wonder and the joy of it! I was the youngest of four, and there was an ever-growing need of money in the home and in the homes of married brothers and sisters. There were nephews and nieces to assist, and the thought that my pen could bestow benefits upon others electrified me. I was very young, and there was a certain vanity in my unselfishness—a pride in being looked up to and leaned upon by my elders. This, too, as years went on, brought its punishment. For, being so conscious of my good deeds, I was hurt if there seemed a lack of appreciation on the part of their recipients. I had not yet learned that "there is no such thing as ingratitude to one who does a good deed and forgets it," and that to look for any return—even gratitude from another—changes benevolence to barter and

sale. To do good for good's sake, and to think no more about it, believing the seed will grow into a harvest of goodness for the world—that alone brings happiness. Yet in the main I found great satisfaction in what I did with my pen, and have received full measure of appreciation from the recipients of my small but continuous benefactions. If one failed to be appreciative, another more than repaid my effort. If one disappointed me in the use of the opportunity I offered, another happily surprised me. God's law of compensation has never yet failed me.

Then there came an hour when a new aspect of life confronted me. It was a grave hour when I realized that I was not a mere troubadour, to sing by the roadside my song to please the world's ear, and to take the pennies and the flowers cast me, but that my talent meant *responsibility*. It meant influence: it meant *noblesse oblige*. I was startled when the consciousness first came—startled and not altogether pleased. Then it began to assume dignity, and life was newly enriched. Instead of being merely a helper in the home, I realized I must be a helper in the universe. I must mold thought, guide conduct, and sustain purpose by my talent; and from that hour humanity became my family, and all men and women my blood kin, and life and work grew in pleasure and importance.

When the strong, true arms of love lifted the necessity of earning money from my shoulders, there was no danger that indolence and pleasure would drive away the habit of work. I knew I had been given my talent for a purpose, and that to neglect its use would be a sin. Only when I stop breathing shall I feel my work is finished here.

Two crude books published before I left the "teens" for the "twenties" brought no profit, and only a local recognition. I had begun to be an object of social courtesies in Western cities; residents of Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, and St. Louis invited me to their homes, and life assumed new and fascinating aspects. Yet these very aspects brought large discouragements. They tested my will power, my good sense, and my unselfishness; and often I learned how far I was from possessing the strength of character I had believed to be my chief quality. I was a social creature by nature, and the taste of city life and its pleasures



*Drawn by Gibbs Mason from a photograph*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX—HER LATEST PORTRAIT

intoxicated me; but I realized I must do one of three things: curtail my enjoyment of these pleasures, lessen my helpfulness to others, or increase my income. The latter method, I reasoned, would permit me to follow both inclination and duty, and I set myself to the task. Poems swarmed from my pen; short stories were forced from it; and nine of every ten took from three to a dozen trips, back and forth, from Wisconsin to New York, before they found a purchaser. Slowly but steadily my income increased; not enough to meet all my growing requirements, but enough to give me courage to persevere.

Life always meant more to me than literary achievement. To be a poet only was never the sum total of my ambitions. I longed to be a cultured woman, to study languages, to be an athlete, to dress well, to travel, and to make myself an ornament to home and to society. I was a good horsewoman at an early age, and I danced well, and I wanted to add all other outdoor and indoor accomplishments to my *répertoire*. All these things required money, and there was no source of income save my pen to cover such expenses. It was a hard battle, a battle fought with the world and with myself; and there were many defeats and many mistakes and much lack of judgment. In my restless eagerness to push ahead I often put myself back. I plunged into roads I imagined the great highways of Progress, and found them by-paths leading to marshes and jungles, or to the Land of Nowhere. But always each mistake served as a stair on which I climbed to a larger understanding of the world, of myself, and of life's real meaning.

I recall one serious, discouraged hour of taking stock of life, when I felt I was farther away from my goal than ever before, and when I came to a decision that nothing but absolute adherence to duty, however humdrum, distasteful, and unsatisfactory, was worth while. It was on that day I wrote the following verses:

I may not reach the heights I seek,  
My untried strength may fail me;  
Or, halfway up the mountain peak,  
Fierce tempests may assail me.  
But though that place I never gain,  
Herein lies life's comfort for my pain—  
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,  
Despite my earnest labor.

I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbor.  
But though that goal I never see,  
This thought shall always dwell with me—  
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light  
May never fall upon my way.  
My path may lead through shadowed night,  
Like some deserted byway.  
But though life's dearest joy I miss,  
There lies a nameless strength in this—  
I will be worthy of it.

Marriage in 1884 took me to the wonderful land of my dreams—the East. My winter home in New York and my summer home on the Connecticut shore of the beautiful Long Island Sound opened up large vistas of ever-increasing opportunities for improvement, pleasure, and usefulness. I studied; I read; I indulged in physical culture; I became intimate with the sea, and knew the intoxication—possible only to one inland born and bred—found in and on the ocean waves. That which we have always had, we never fully appreciate. I entertained and was entertained by many of the people whose names alone had enlarged my horizon in the old Western life. I felt I was dwelling in an enchanted land, and that feeling has never left me, despite some disappointments and disillusionments. The materialization into personalities of some of the famous names I had known, proved not always happiness or satisfaction.

Talent and genius had seemed to me like two white sentinels guarding the door of the human mind from the intrusion of ignoble jealousy, petty envy, and unworthy selfishness. The gifted man and woman, I had thought, must be the great man and woman. I did not always find it so, and many of the halos I had bestowed upon imagined personalities had to be modified, or "cut over," or removed wholly, when the actual personage was encountered. Yet life, with its accustomed prodigality, gave me far more happiness than disappointment in these new associations. Friendships, vital, educational, and lasting, have resulted, and life has grown richer with each passing year, and its meaning more potent with each experience.

There have always been those along my life's pathway seeking to discourage me, to detract from my work, and to question my point of view. I suppose they were a part of my development, and more than likely

they saved me from that most disastrous fault of youth—self-complacency. Early I was told that all had been said before me, by great writers; that I could only repeat, in a crude form, messages already delivered by inspired masters. Still I wrote on, as thoughts came, and believed I had been given my own personal message for the world. Later, as I made certain successes, I was told that my work was ephemeral and only ranked with the third class in literature, and that it could have no lasting effect upon the world. Still I continued writing, glad to do what was given me to do, though in the third class, and satisfied to let its influence die with me so long as it was helpful while it lasted. Critics have called my poetry versification, my prose platitudes. And while they have criticized I have kept at work. I have been assured that rare, choice souls did not recognize me in literature; that I appealed only to the common, indiscriminating minds. And yet I have worked on.

When I turned my literary craft from the still waters of magazines to the large, rushing rivers of American newspapers, I was given up, by these same critics and by my many personal acquaintances, as one intellectually damned. They said I was prostituting my talent, and those who heretofore insisted that I had never occupied any eminence in literature, now seemed to think I had fallen from some hitherto unrecognized altitude. Nevertheless, I kept to my own ideals and followed the light of my own spirit. Life was too big, feeling too intense, time too short, to wait for books and magazines as a means of expression. There was so much to say to an appreciative and ever-increasing audience that plain prose must assist her more beautiful sister, poetry.

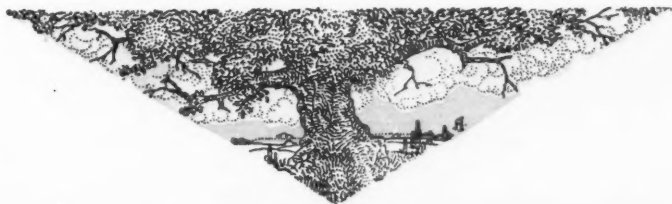
Every new phase of life gave me a new message to humanity. Years of blest and satisfying companionship as a wife, where respect supplemented love, a brief but wonderful knowledge of motherhood, a domestic and social life full of rich and beautiful experiences, travel, and acquaintance with rare souls of earth, all have made and are making life mean to me more and more exhilaration, anticipation, realization, usefulness, and growth.

To be a part of God's great universe, to be one of his voices, to be a worker and a helper, means to me the fullness of satisfaction. I expected much of life; it has given, in all ways, more than I expected. Everything has happened. I have known loneliness, discontent, trouble. I have waited years for what I felt I must obtain immediately; yet for each hour of pain I have known three hours of joy, and life has been good, and grows better as I walk forward. Love has been more loyal and lasting, friendship sweeter and more comprehensive, work more enjoyable, and fame, because of its aid to usefulness, more satisfying than early imagination pictured.

All hail to life—life here, and life beyond! For earth is but the preparatory school for a larger experience, for a greater usefulness.

I have come into closer acquaintance with surrounding realms, with the passing of each decade. The impression of my early youth, that invisible helpers were near those who strove to do right and who sought the heights, became first a conviction, and is now a knowledge.

I know we are building our heaven  
As we journey along by the way;  
Each thought is a nail that is driven  
In structures that cannot decay,  
And the mansion at last shall be given  
To us as we build it to-day.



# Story of Andrew Jackson

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SYNOPSIS: The opening instalments tell the story of Jackson's removal in 1787 from North Carolina to the Cumberland region, his marriage and the complications which arose from it, his career in Tennessee, and his part in the Creek war of 1813. Appointed a major-general of the regular American army, Jackson now takes active part in the War of 1812. From his headquarters at Mobile he marches without orders on Pensacola when the British occupy this Spanish town. The Spaniards surrender, the British blow up the fort at Barancas, and take themselves off. Jackson arrives at New Orleans in December, 1814, and prepares its defense. The British destroy the flotilla on Lake Borgne, and land troops on Pine Island. Jackson sets out to meet them. The signal for attack will be a gun from the *Carolina*.

## XIV

### THE BATTLE IN THE DARK



HE hunting-shirt men lie waiting by the cypress swamp. On their left is Papa Planche with his Fathers of Families. Beyond these is a half-company of regulars which the general has brought up from the near-by post. On the Bayou road, between the regulars and the river, is the general himself, with a brace of small field-pieces.

It is a moonless night, and what light the stars might furnish is withheld by a blanket-screen of thick clouds. No night could be darker; for, lest an occasional star find a cloud-rift and peer through, a fog drifts up from the river across the sugar stubble. This is good for the English, since it hides their watch-fires, which one by one are lost in the mists. The darkness deepens until even the hawk-eyed hunting-shirt men, trained by much night-fighting to a nocturnal keenness of vision, are unable to make out their nearest comrades.

The pitch blackness and the fog-chill creeping over him, tell on Papa Planche. He whispers sorrowfully with his friend St. Geme.

"Neighbor St. Geme," he says, "these differences should be adjusted by argument, and not by deadly guns. I see that he, who would either shoot or be shot by his fellow-man, is in an erroneous position."

Before the kindly St. Geme can frame response, a liquid tongue of flame illumi-

nates the broad, dark bosom of the river. It is followed sharply by a crashing "Boom!" This is the word from the *Carolina*. The signal carries dismay into the hearts of the English, since Commodore Patterson, whose genius is thoroughgoing, has been at pains to load the gun with two pecks of slugs, and eighty-four killed and wounded are the red English harvest of that discharge.

The frightened drums beat the alarm, and the ranks of English form. As they grasp their arms, the nine broadside guns of the *Carolina* begin to rake them. Thereupon the English fall slowly back from the river. This rearward movement, while managed slowly because of the darkness, brings discouraging results. The English retreat into the hunting-shirt men, who are skirmishing up from the cypress swamp. The English are first told of this new danger by spitting flashes which remind them of needles of fire, and the crack of the long squirrel rifles like the snapping of a whip.

Here and there a groan is heard, as the sightless lead finds some English breast. This augments the blind horror of the hour. The trapped English reply in a desultory fashion, and make a bad matter worse. The hunting-shirt men locate them by the flashes of their guns, at which they shoot with incredible quickness and accuracy. With men falling like November's leaves, the English give ground to the south, which saves them somewhat from both the *Carolina* and the hunting-shirt men.

Guessing the English direction, and feeling their blind way forward, the hunting-shirt men follow, loading and firing as they advance. Now and then one of them overtakes an individual foe, and settles the



national differences which divide them with tomahawk and knife. It is cruel work, this unseeing bloodshed in the dark; and disturbingly new to the English, who express their dislike for it.

While the hunting-shirt men drive the English along the fringe of the cypress swamp, the general, a half-mile nearer the river, is working his two field-pieces. Affairs proceed to his warlike satisfaction—and this is saying a deal for one so insatiate in matters of blood—until a flying ounce of lucky English lead wounds a horse on the number two gun. This brings present relief to those English in the general's front; for the hurt animal upsets the gun into the ditch. It takes fifteen minutes to put it on its proper wheels again. The accident disgruntles the general; but he bears it with what philosophy he may. In good truth he is pleased to find that the gun-carriage has not been smashed in the upset, and says so.

"Save the gun!" is his word to the artillerymen; and when it is saved he praises them.

At the booming signal from the *Carolina*, the intrepid Papa Planche cries out:

"Forwards, brave Fathers of Families! Forwards, heroes!"

The Fathers respond, and go on with the hunting-shirt men. But their pace is sedate; and this results in an impoliteness which disturbs the excellent Papa Planche to the core.

The hunting-shirt men are, for the major portion, riotous young blades from the backwoods. Moreover, they are used to this prowling warfare of the night. Is it wonder then that they advance more rapidly than does Papa Planche with his Fathers, whose step is measured and dignified, as becomes the heads of households?

Thus it befalls that, do their dignified best, Papa Planche and his Fathers are left behind by the hunting-shirt men, who, deploying more and still more to the left, are at last in front of Papa Planche. This does not suit the latter's hardy tastes, and he frets ferociously. He grows condemnatory, as the spitting rifle-flashes warn him that the hunting-shirt men are between him and those English whom he hungers to destroy. Indeed, he fumes like a tiger cheated of its prey.

"But we shall extricate ourselves, neighbor St. Geme," cries Papa Planche. "We shall yet extricate ourselves. Behold!"

The "behold!" is the foreword of certain masterly maneuvers by Papa Planche among the sugar stubble. The maneuvers free the far-seeing Papa Planche and his Fathers from those obstructive, unmannerly hunting-shirt men who have cut off their advance even in its promising bud. The Fathers, being better used to shop-floors than plowed fields, however, make difficult work of it. At last courage has its reward, and the Fathers uncover their dauntless front from those interfering hunting-shirt men.

"Oh! my brave St. Geme," cries Papa Planche, when his strategy has put the hunting-shirt men on his right, where they belong, "nothing can save the caitiff English now. Those ruffians in hunting-tunics, who protected them, no longer impede our front. Forwards!"

The final word has hardly issued from between the teeth of Papa Planche, when a rustling in the stubble ahead apprises him of the foe.

"Fire, Fathers of Families, fire!" shouts Papa Planche, and such is the fury which consumes him that the shout is no shout, but a screech.

It is enough. One by one each Father discharges his flintlock. The procession of reports is rather ragged, and now and again a considerable wait occurs between shots, like a great gap in a picket fence. Still, the last Father finally finds the trigger, and the command of Papa Planche is obeyed.

The Fathers hurt no one by this savage volley, for their aim, like their hearts, is high. It is quite as well they do not. The stubble-disturbing force in front chances to be none other than that half-company of regulars, to whose rear it seems the inadvertent Papa Planche, in freeing them from the hunting-shirt men, has led his Fathers. The regulars are in a towering rage with Papa Planche; but since no one has been injured, and Papa Planche is profuse in his apologies, their anger presently subsides. The regulars again take up their bloody work upon the retreating English, while the discouraged Papa Planche and the Fathers, full of confusion and chagrin at twice being balked, sullenly remain where they are.

"After all, neighbor St. Geme," observes Papa Planche, "the mistake was theirs. Did they not usurp the place which belonged to the English in thus getting in front of us? It should teach them to beware how

they get in the path of my Fathers, whose wrath is terrible."

For two black, sightless hours the hunting-shirt men crowd the English to the south, and then the general draws them off. They come, bringing as captives one colonel, two majors, three captains, and sixty-four privates. Also they have killed and wounded two hundred and thirteen of the English, which comforts them marvelously. They themselves have suffered but slightly, and the back-loads of English guns they carry will gladden many an unarmed Kentucky heart.

Now when he has them together, the beloved Coffee at their head, the general leads the way to the other side of the Rodriguez Canal, where he plans a line of breast-works. Arriving, the weary hunting-shirt men build fires and make themselves easy for the balance of the night. A little later the thoughtful general detaches a party, with one of the field-guns, to interest the English until daylight.

"For I think, Coffee," says he, "that if we keep them awake, they will be apt to sleep to-morrow, and leave us free to work on our defenses."

#### XV

##### COTTON BALES AND SUGAR CASKS

It is the day before Christmas when the general lays out his line of fortifications. The Rodriguez Canal is no canal at all, but a disused mill-race which an active man can leap and anyone can wade. The general will make a moat of it, and raise his breast-works along its mile-long muddy course, between the river and the cypress swamp. He keeps an army of mules and negroes, with scrapers and carts, hard at work, heaping up the earth. A boat-load of cotton is lying at the levee. The cotton bales are rolled ashore, and added to the heaped-up earth. This pleases Papa Planche.

"It is singular," he remarks to neighbor St. Geme, "that cotton, which has been my business support for years, should now defend my life."

There is a low place to the general's front. He cuts the levee, and soon the Mississippi furnishes three feet of water, to serve as a wet drawback to any English advance. The latter, however, are not just now thinking on an advance. Supports have come dripping from the swamp, and swollen their

numbers to threefold the general's force; but none the less their hearts are weak. That horrifying night-attack, when their blood was shed in the dark, has broken the teeth of their vanity; and a paralyzing fear of those dangerous hunting-shirt men lies all across the English like a cloud. More, and worse, the *Carolina* swings downstream, abreast of their position, and her broadsides drive them to hide in ditches and the cypress borders of the swamp. There is no peace, no safety, on the flat stubble ground, while light remains by which to point the *Carolina's* guns.

Nor does nightfall bring relief. Those empty-handed Kentuckians must be provided for; and no sooner does the sun go down than, by twos and threes, the hunting-shirt men go forth in search of English muskets. They shoot down sentries, and carry away their dead belongings. Does an English group assemble round a camp-fire, it becomes an invitation never neglected. A party of hunting-shirt men creep within range, and begin the butchery. There is never the moment, daylight or dark, when the unhappy English are not within the icy reach of death. There is no repose, no safety. A chill dread begins to claim them like a palsy.

The English complain bitterly at this bushwhacking, which, to the hunting-shirt men, reared in schools of Indian war, is the merest A B C of battle. The harassed English denounce the general as a barbarian in whose savage bosom burns no spark of chivalry. They recall how, in their late campaign in Spain, English and French pickets spent peace-filled weeks within fifty yards of one another, exchanging nothing more deadly than compliments. The grim general refuses to be affected by the French-English example, and continues to pile up his earthworks, while the hunting-shirt men go forth nightly to pot English as usual. The situation wears away the courage of the English to a white and paper thinness.

While the general is fortifying his lines, and the hunting-shirt men are stalking English sentinels, peace is being signed in Europe between America and England. But Europe is far away; and there is no Atlantic cable. And so the general continues at his congenial labors undisturbed.

Christmas does not go unrecognized in the general's camp. He himself attempts nothing of festival sort, and only drives his



From a painting by D. M. Carter

#### JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

fortifying mules and negroes the harder. But the hunting-shirt men celebrate by cleaning their rifles, molding bullets, refilling their powder-horns, and whetting their knives and tomahawks to a more lethal edge. As for Papa Planche and the Fathers of Families, they become jocund. Their wives and daughters purvey them roast fowls in little wicker baskets, and the warmest wines of Burgundy in bottles. Whereupon Papa Planche and his Fathers wax blithe and merry, singing the songs of France and talking of old loves.

And now Sir Edward Pakenham arrives, and relieves General Keane in command of the English. With him comes General Gibbs. The two listen to the reports of General Keane, and shrug polite shoulders as he speaks of the savage valor of the Americans. It is preposterous that peasants clad in skins, with not a bayonet among them, should check the flower of England. General Keane does not reply to the polite shrug. He reflects that the general, with his hunting-shirt men, can be relied upon to make convincing answer later.

Upon the morning which follows the

advent of General Pakenham, the English see a moment of good fortune. A red-hot shot sets fire to the pestiferous *Carolina*, as she swings downstream on her cable for that daily bombardment, and burns her to the water-line. This cheers the English mightily; and does not discourage Commodore Patterson, who transfers his activities to the decks of the *Louisiana*.

Sir Edward gives the general three uninterrupted days. These the latter improves so far as to rear his earthworks to a height of four feet, and mount five guns. On the fourth day, the English are led out to the assault. Sir Edward does not say so, but he expects to march over those four-foot walls of mud and cotton bales, as he might over any other casual four-foot obstruction, and go up to the city beyond.

The sequel does not justify Sir Edward's optimism. The moment the English approach within two hundred yards of the general's line, a sheet of fire blazes all along, and the English melt away like smoke. They break and run, seeking refuge in the cross ditches which drain the stubble lands. Once in the ditches, they are made to sit

close by the watchful hunting-shirt men, whose aim is death, and who shoot at every exposed two square inches of English flesh and blood.

All day the English must crouch in the saving mud and water of those ditches, and it ruffles their self-regard. With darkness for a shield, Sir Edward brings them off. He explains the disaster to his staff by calling it a reconnaissance. General Keane also calls it a reconnaissance; but there is a satisfied grin on his war-worn Irish face. Sir Edward has received a taste of the mettle of those "peasants," and may now take a more tolerant and less politely cynical view of what earlier setbacks were experienced by General Keane. As for the seventy dead, they say nothing; and whether it be called a reconnaissance or a repulse matters little to them.

"What do you think of it?" asks Sir Edward of his friend, General Gibbs, as the two sit over a bottle of port.

"Sir Edward," returns the general, "I should call a council of war."

Sir Edward winces. It is too great an honor for the brother-in-law of Lord Wellington to pay a "Copper Captain" like the general. For all that he calls it; and the call assembles, besides Generals Gibbs and Keane, those salt-water soldiers, Admirals Cochrane, Codrington, and Malcolm, and Captain Hardy, whom Nelson loved. Sir John Burgoyne, chief of the English engineers, is also there. The solemn conference lasts hours. The decision is to regard the general's position as "a walled and fortified place, to be reduced by regular and formal approaches." Which is saying much for the general's engineering skill.

The council breaks up, and the next morning Sir John Burgoyne commits a stroke of genius. He rolls out of the storehouses to the English rear countless hogsheads of sugar. Night sets in, foggy and black. Under its protecting cover, Sir John trundles his hundreds of hogsheads to a point not six hundred yards from the general's mud walls, with their five guns. Till daybreak the English work. They set the hogsheads on end—four close-packed thicknesses of them, two tiers high. Ingenious port-holes are left to receive the muzzles of the guns; and the thirty cannon which have been dragged through the cypress swamp are placed in position.

Those hogsheads of sugar, with the thirty

black muzzles frowning forth, impress folk as a most formidable fortalice, as the up-shooting sun rolls back the fog and offers a view of them to the world. The general, however, does not hesitate; he opens with his five, and the thirty guns of the English instantly bellow their iron response.

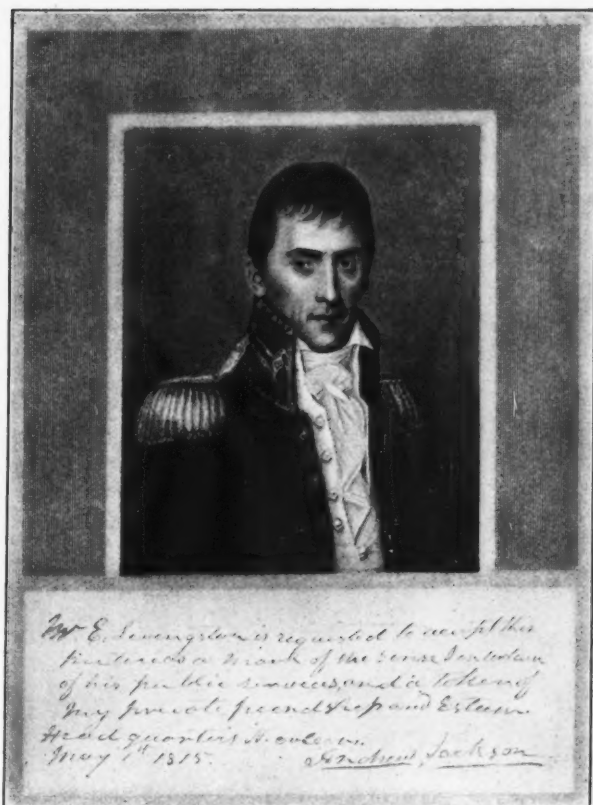
Hardly a whit behind the general, the active Commodore Patterson drops downstream with the *Louisiana*, and throws the weight of her broadsides against the English. The big-gun duel is hot and furious, and the rolling clouds of powder smoke shut out the fighters from one another.

When the smoke has cloaked the scene, Sir Edward sends two columns of the English foot to storm the general's mud walls. The columns run headforemost into the hunting-shirt men, and the sleety rain of lead which greets them rolls the columns up like two red carpets. The recoiling columns break, and take cover for a second time in those saving ditches. And this time a dread greater than ever fills the English hearts. They declare among themselves that mortal man might more easily face the fires of hell itself than the flame-filled muzzles of the hunting-shirt men.

As the broken English foot crouch in those ditches, the fire of Sir John Burgoyne's big guns begins to falter. The smoke is so thick that no one may tell the cause. At last the English volleys altogether end, and the general orders Dominique and Beluche, with their swarthy pirate crews from Barataria, and what other artillerymen are serving his quintette of guns, to cease their stormy work. With that a silence falls on both sides. The breeze from the river tears the smoky veil aside, and lo! that noble fortification of sugar hogsheads is heaped and piled in ruins. The general's solid shot have gone through and through those hogsheads of sugar, as though they had been hogsheads of snow. Five of the thirty English guns are smashed. The proud work of Sir John Burgoyne presents a spectacle of desolation, while the English who served the batteries go flying for their lives. Not all fly; three score dead remain—the only English whose credit is saved that day.

Sir Edward's cheek is white as death. He blames Sir John Burgoyne, who has erred, he says, in constructing the works. Sir John did err, and Sir Edward is right.

Among the hunting-shirt men are exultation and crowing triumph. Only Papa



PORTRAIT OF ANDREW JACKSON PRESENTED BY HIM TO EDWARD  
 LIVINGSTON IN RECOGNITION OF SERVICES RENDERED  
 AT THE DEFENSE OF NEW ORLEANS

Planche is sad. During the fight, the cotton bales in front of Papa Planche and the Fathers are sorely knocked about. As though this is not enough, what must a felon hot-shot do but set one of them ablaze! The smoke fills the noses of Papa Planche and his Fathers, and makes them sneeze. A vagrant, flying flake of cotton all afire explodes an ammunition-wagon to the heroic rear of Papa Planche and the Fathers, and the shock is as the awful shock of doom. The fortitude of Hercules would fail at such a pinch. Papa Planche and the Fathers actually and for the moment think on flight. But where shall they fly? To the right, plying sponge and rammer, are the pirate Baratarians, who are as bad as the English. To the left is the general, who is worse.

"It is written," murmurs Papa Planche; "our fate is sealed." He extends his hands, and cries:

"Courage, my heroes! Give your hearts to heaven, your fame to posterity, and show history how the Fathers of Families can die!"

From the cypress swamp a last detachment of reinforcements emerges. It meets and greets the beaten English coming back.

General Lambert, with the reinforcements, is shocked as he reads their broken-hearted story in their eyes. "What is it, Colonel?" he whispers to Colonel Dale of the Highlanders. "In heaven's name, what stopped you?"

"Bullets, mon," returns the Scotchman. "The fire of those deils in lang shirts wud 'a' stopped Cæsar himsel'."

(To be continued.)





*Drawn by W. V. Cahill*

GIVING HIM AN ANGRY PUSH THAT BROUGHT HIS MAIMED SHOULDER ROUGHLY IN  
CONTACT WITH A POST

(See "Dabney," page 222)



# Dabney

By Gertrude Roscoe

Illustrated by W. V. CAHILL



**B**LANTONVILLE is a curiously compact city, with no appreciable suburbs. Streets, paved and gas-lighted, with electric cars, policemen, and letter-carriers, abut on farms where labor contentedly the sons of the men who planted the level acres now occupied by the great Blanton Mills and the city which they dominate.

The grandfather of the mill-owning Blantons was a thrifty farmer, who held many mortgages on adjoining farms. By foreclosing some of these, and by purchasing other lands scarcely arable, he gradually got possession of a large area above and below the falls, where the Gray-stone's jump on its way to the sea tempted the farsighted old man to lead it through penstocks, turbine wheels, and tail-races, and make it the slave of the Blantons forever.

To the first small mill of two hundred looms flocked the healthy daughters of the farmers who had been Blanton's playmates at school, and right glad they were of the new work he gave them. Then enlargements were effected, and great tenement blocks built for English and Irish help, when the supply of New England hands no longer sufficed. Later, a wave of French-Canadians submerged the whole English-speaking contingent, and now hordes from the hives of Central and Southern Europe threaten to overrun the "Canucks," in spite of those restrictions on immigration that please walking-delegates and tax the ingenuity of importers of labor. Meantime the younger and more progressive Blantons are watching our growing interests in the Far East with lively attention, speculating whether the labor market may not soon be filled with deft-fingered Asiatics, who will endure closer packing, and live far more inex-

pensively than the Poles and "dagoes," who may be in their turn inexorably supplanted and dispersed.

But while pursuing this unchanging policy of change, the managers have found it necessary that certain responsible positions be retained by conscientious men. Dabney, who used to care for the shafting in the weaving-shed, was one of these. In him one saw a steady, responsible citizen, alert, intelligent, well-balanced, sane. There used to be thousands of such men about the streets of Blanton's city, and here and there one remains, standing like a pillar in the unstable mass that surrounds him.

Dabney's work was not particularly well paid. He earned rather less than the loom-fixers, but, though it was extremely dangerous, scarcely a fortnight went by without some man offering to do it for a dollar less by the week than he received. Such competition is encouraged at Blantons', but this particular job seemed secure from being knocked down to the lowest bidder. It is rather important that those miles of shafting under the ceiling, which turn the innumerable flying pulleys and belts that carry power to the looms on the floor, be kept in good running order.

One morning in pleasant May, Dabney stood at a corner window of the weaving-shed, looking out on the sparkling river and the farm-lands sloping down to its other side. On the left, wooded hills swept away to the horizon; nearer, the comfortable fields and farmhouses were fair to see; but revolving pulleys and quickening belts called his eyes from the wide, sunny prospect to look over rows of looms narrowing in perspective down the vast length of the weaving-shed and running together at the far end, where the windows shrank to small squares of light, and figures became indistinguishable. In all that enormous machinery-packed



HIS FINGERS WERE DRAWN IN

room he saw few weavers, for all were down among the looms, brush and waste yarn in hand, hurrying to get as much cleaning as possible done before the speed should get high enough to start the work. So it happened that no one saw him set the wobbly stepladder aside, as too unsteady for his present need, and pile up empty filling-boxes to stand on, that he might reach over a great bevel-gear to a bearing above it, which must be cleaned and oiled. Standing on the pile of empty boxes, he reached around the great, grinding gears and cleaned the hollow cup above the bearing, that it might be ready for oiling. He had done this every morning since his stepladder had "gone lame"—to use his own expression in frequently reporting its unsteadiness to the boss carpenter. But nothing is repaired while it can be used at Blantons', and so he had given up trying to get the stepladder fixed, and made shift to do the more dangerous part of his work without it.

A cool head and steady nerves would have kept him safe once more had not the boy who carried the filling-yarn to the weavers come rushing down the alley, pushing a truck and looking at nothing above it. The truck struck the pile of boxes, and Dabney, feeling his support give way, involuntarily threw out his arm in an effort to keep his balance. Thus the snarled bunch of oily cotton-waste in his hand caught in the teeth of the terrible bevel-gear, and his fingers, meshed with the strands, were drawn in with the mass. Palm and wrist followed the crushed fingers. But even in his agony his wits worked and his will commanded. Into his pocket went his free hand for his knife, teeth and fingers opened it, and as the elbow reached the gear, he cut hard and deep, once, twice, and again, then dropped in a quivering heap to the floor, and lay still beside the clashing looms.

A pale weaver with arms bare to the shoulder sprang forward, gathered the gaping shreds of the wound together, and held them with all his might while other fellow-workers laid Dabney in a wagon that was standing in the mill-yard, and lashed the horses to a run, the weaver never once slackening his grip till, at the hospital, the ether of mercy had done its work.

Dabney lingered long on the borderland between life and death, but a day came when he awoke, resolute, from the delirium of his torture and the stupor of opiates. Then his recovery seemed assured. But as he slowly gathered strength the instinctive effort toward recovery relaxed, and for other long weeks he lay half-unconscious and wholly indifferent to the chance of living. It was the profound protest of his soul against continuance with the maimed and helpless body which could never again serve him as of old. In a quiet way the man was unusually proud and independent; he belonged, naturally, to the helpful, sustaining order. Continually others had gone to him in difficulties, and he had given freely, almost unconsciously, of his strength to less sturdy associates. Now he writhed in deep repugnance of spirit at his condition. "Why should I be trying to get well?" he muttered, twisting his head on the pillow and staring wrathfully at the stump of his arm in its curious frame of splints.

"It would have been all over in a minute if I hadn't cut myself loose. I've suffered a thousand times worse already—and for what? Here I be, a lop-sided cripple, strong enough to live till eighty, and I don't like the looks of the road ahead."

"Tain't no use for you to talk to me about bein' reconciled," he said to a young man in deacon's orders, who had become especially interested in the injured mill-hand. "I take it that bein' reconciled means acceptin' a misfortin' an' ownin' up that it's best. This here business ain't best, but worst, fer me, an' it ain't ever goin' to be nothin' else. I'm not goin' to curse God an' die, though, as Job's wife told him to, an' I ain't goin' to turn infidel an' say there ain't no God, 'cause such things are 'lowed to happen. But I don't see as there's any call to argy about it. What's the good of rippin' off the band-ages, anyway?"

There was a shade of sternness in the voice, and something in the cavernous wells of the somber eyes, so much deeper than his soul-searching plummet could sound, that the young man felt for the first time a doubt as to his ministerial vocation. The talk, however, had the effect of clarifying Dabney's thoughts; he set his mind firmly to the task of solving the practical problems of the broken, halting existence that must henceforth be his. What could a one-armed laborer find to do in a community where only the better grade of skilled operatives had any chance of steady employment? Night and day there was present in his waking thoughts the question of how he could earn daily bread through the hard years that stretched away before him.

It was a sultry day in midsummer, but the great elms standing about the old country mansion, a room of which had been utilized as a convalescent ward,

made an island of grateful shade, and the large, clean room where Dabney lay was swept by a cool breeze from the river. It was in the second story, up among the branches, but from one window a space between the tossing billows of foliage gave a wide view toward the west, and he lay restfully gazing on the familiar landscape, noting its beauty as he had never done before.

"Tain't bad to look at, an' the old world's an average sort o' place, after all," he mused, "if a man wa'n't continually worried about where he could live, an' what he would have to eat, an' where-withal he would be clothed; but I guess them worries ain't goin' to get the better of Dabney this time. That parson feller just now said something about damages from the company. Wonder why I never thought of it before? Them young Blantons look like decent chaps, an' of course they'll want to do the right thing. Don't



FELLOW-WORKERS LAID DABNEY IN A WAGON THAT WAS  
STANDING IN THE MILL-YARD

know what they'd think a mill-hand's right arm is worth, but any figger they'd be likely to name would give me an amazin' lift. I could keep a little shop, an' sleep in the back room, or under the counter if there wa'n't no back room. Cook my grub myself. What a fool I've been to fag myself out studyin' an' worryin' 'bout what I could do to live."

The seed of hope had germinated, and

September's gales had freshened the air in the crowded tenement courts of the stifling town when the emaciated wreck of Dabney at last appeared at Blantons' and asked at the counting-room wicket for Mr. Andrews. The agent came briskly out from the inner office, and after staring an instant at the gaunt face framed by the wire-meshed wicket, he passed out into the corridor and took Dabney cordially by the hand.



"WE EMPLOY HIM OUT OF CHARITY," SAID THE AGENT

Dabney was more and more cheered as he reflected on the particulars of his case. Perhaps at the bottom of his heart hope was undermined by a thought that the Blantons had displayed no sort of interest in him since his hurt, but from that neglect the tired brain would draw no fretting inferences then. A nearer peal of thunder jarred the house, the rain began to splash through the elms in slanting, white lines, and Dabney, watching it idly, soon fell into quiet sleep.

"Glad to see you out again, Dabney," he said. "Lord! but they must have starved you out there on the hill. You look well, though, and you'll soon pick up if you have a good, easy job. You've come to see about work, I suppose?"

"I hain't got the strength to work yet, sir," Dabney replied, "an' I won't take up your time talkin' about it. I called to see if the company means to 'low me any damages fer this—" hitching his maimed shoulder. "I'm pretty nigh help-



less. A workin' man's right arm is of considerable value to him. I reckon the Blantons won't want to use a man as rough as that an' leave him, disabled, to shift fer himself." He leaned against a pilaster, and a grayness overspread his face with a deepening of all the lines, but he made no complaint of weakness.

The agent had become alert at the first word of Dabney's business. He turned now without answering and went within, saying over his shoulder,

"Come into my office; I want to talk with you."

Dabney was motioned to a comfortable leather-covered armchair, while Andrews closed the door leading into the counting-room. Taking a chair on the opposite side of the table, he resumed the conversation pleasantly and informally. "You've got a good case for damages, Dabney, if you can put it through, but you know we aren't exactly a charitable institution. We pay nothing but what we have to pay." Dabney said nothing, and the agent continued: "In an action for damages you would of course try to prove that we neglected to provide you with proper conveniences for cleaning the shafting—safe, steady ladders, etc.—and that you thus were often compelled to trust to crazy makeshifts, like your pile of empty boxes, to reach above the bevel-gear. That's about the way your case runs, isn't it?"

Dabney nodded, his face clearing perceptibly. The agent was called a hard man, but he evidently meant to be just.

"Then you will try to prove that the company's Portuguese boy caused the accident by running his truck recklessly against your substitute for the rigid step-ladder you should have had, knocking the boxes from under your feet, and throwing you into the teeth of the gear. Do I follow the case correctly?"

Dabney shuddered, shrank back into the depths of the great chair, and nodded again.

"That you thereby lost your right arm in a horrible manner, were put to great expense, besides the loss of several months' work, and helplessly crippled for the rest of your natural life. Therefore, the Blanton Company is liable in heavy damages?"

Again Dabney nodded with shining eyes.

"It's as pretty a case as need be, Dabney, but the trouble with it is that you can't

prove it. When it comes to such proof as will be demanded by a court, you'll find you haven't a leg to stand on."

Dabney started—that was exactly his own opinion in regard to the company's position. "But you've just told, sir, how it all happened," he gasped.

"I've just stated what you will probably try to prove, and will fail of proving, in an action for damages. You say the step-ladder was too wobbly. Produce your wobbly stepladder. There isn't an unsteady stepladder to be found about the mill."

"Oh, I suppose the old thing was hove out into the lumber-yard," said Dabney.

"Not so fast, Dabney. The man who now tends the shafting is using that very set of steps you complain of, and is perfectly satisfied with it. Your name is cut on the side-piece—J. Dabney—with some figures that may or may not have a meaning. You cut them yourself, and you will own to their genuineness."

"Mended with braces, I suppose—it would have to be to make it fit to use—but the new parts ought to show—"

Dabney's voice was scornful, and he shifted with impatience. What was Andrews driving at?

"Would show, certainly," the agent continued, "unless another similar set of steps was knocked to pieces to get the necessary parts, and these were skillfully put in place by some interested party, who hadn't forgotten how to use tools. There's half of your case gone, Dabney."

Smiling in great good humor, Andrews watched the changing of Dabney's face, seeming to take his look of incredulous astonishment as a compliment to his own shrewdness and devotion to the company's interests.

"You actually did that, an' own up to it?" said Dabney. "Well, it strikes me you've overshot the mark. 'S'pos'n' I go into court an' show up what you've owned to right here?"

"Dabney, you're a pretty wise man or I shouldn't bother talking with you this way. A wise man makes no slanderous statements that he can't prove. You'd get into deeper trouble by accusing me."

Feeling weak and helpless, Dabney stared at the man's smiling composure. He was no match for the agent of Blantons', and showed that he knew it by shift-

ing his ground. "The Portugee won't be likely to play me false. Sam Weeden said he was all broke up about it, and expected to be tried fer killin' me. He won't deny that he knocked me into the gear."

"That Portugee boy," said Andrews calmly, "disappeared soon after your accident, together with all his family. They are said to have gone back to Brazil, or whatever place they came from. Nobody knows anything definite about them except the man who bought their steerage tickets and saw them shipped, as a great favor, to save the boy from arrest when the report of your death was circulated. Have you got the funds to trace those ignorant peasants, who believe they are fleeing from justice?"

"But I've never done you no harm, Mr. Andrews. What did you take all that trouble to ruin me fer?"

It was the agent's turn to stare; then he dropped into the vernacular as though he would get closer to the workingman's mind. "You ain't in it that way, Dabney. I'm agent for this concern, bound to block any move that I foresee against the company. It's what I'm paid for, an' I take pride in doing my work well. Don't you get the notion into your head that it's spite against you. Good Lord, man, I've let you into a lot of inside work on purpose to befriend you!"

"Queer friendship!" said Dabney, his anger rising. "It's a pretty tough story for Blantons'. You may be able to prevent my gettin' justice done me, but I swear everybody shall know you. I'll give the whole yarn to Merrill, an' he'll expose the whole ungodly plot. 'Member how he went fer the railroad company in that grade-crossing accident? Public opinion counts fer something, even agin' you and your corporation that thinks it owns the earth."

"No, we don't claim so much as that," said Andrews, leaning back in his chair, suave and dignified again; "but we do own, practically, the sources of public opinion here in Blantonville. Merrill wouldn't let your yarn into the 'Telegram' at advertising rates, and no other paper in town would consider it for a minute. Newspapers are not run for philanthropy; it would be contrary to their interest to antagonize the Blantons." He looked across at Dabney with such tolerant good

humor as he might have shown while explaining obvious things to a child, and continued: "Perhaps you think some of the ministers will take up the cudgel for you? Same story. How could they? The men who would have to back parsons to make their meddling effective are nearly all in the pay of the company or dependent for trade on those who are on our pay-rolls. People don't quarrel with their bread and butter, Dabney; certainly not in this town after the experience of idleness they had before I came. Try the parsons and see. They'll listen sympathetically, but they'll end by advising resignation and offering to take up a subscription."

Dabney lay back in the great chair, looking at the agent with closely set lips and white, palpitating nostrils, as though fascinated by the man who had turned those flash-lights on the tremendous machine whose guiding lever he held so confidently. The maimed man's simple, straightforward mind was overwhelmed by this monstrous thing that the agent unveiled to his gaze—this power, deep-settled, wide-extending, utterly selfish, impersonal as gravitation. What was *he* to grapple with it unfriended and alone? He might as well stand before a locomotive and with his one feeble hand try to wrench it from its track.

As Dabney did not speak, Andrews continued, still with something of that manner as of explaining to a child. "I've given you these hints because I feel rather more than common interest in you, Dabney. I should hate to have you go blindly into this business and lose every dollar you've got left in useless litigation. If you are provided with work that will pay your expenses, and perhaps a little more, you'll get along all right. I'll set you to work to-morrow, and as long as I'm agent of Blantons' you won't be out of a job. That's positively all that you'll ever get out of Bantons'."

At a light tap on the door, the agent went out into the counting-room. It had been an involuntary habit with Dabney to hold his head hard with both hands when confused or deeply troubled; he now pressed his hand to his temple, and, leaning his elbow on the arm of the chair, remained still, scarcely seeming to breathe. There was no conscious train of thought. The agent's statements gripped like axioms, and he saw that he must adjust himself

to the deadly facts. He was not yet fifty, and the years before him stretched away into decades in terrible perspective. The path of them seemed like one of the narrow, interminable alleys between the looms in the mill, hideous with noise, stifling with heat and dust, framed by madly driven machines, domed by madly racing belts and whirling pulleys. Crouching on either side all down its length, cruel, inescapable human creatures were waiting, ready to tear and crunch his soul as the teeth of the gears had torn and crunched his body. Between these he must ever plod to and fro, pretending not to feel; and when he could no longer work, poverty, deepening to actual hunger, would spring up in his path; behind that—cruellest thing of all and sharpest toothed—pauperism would claim him for its own.

In every soul there are stores of strength in depths beyond the deepest that it knows. It was these last reserves that Dabney now called out, and he found, as many another has found, that he could do easily and even cheerfully the impossible things. He arose to his feet and stood quietly by the table, dismissing the cowering self of a moment before with a shrug of angry contempt. "Anybody'd think I was a woman," he said. "Guess I've got grit enough to bear what comes. There's evenin's an' Sundays, an' the green country within a mile—I c'n get away from it part of the time. What's the use whinin'? I can't move Andrews the width of a hair, 'n outside o' what he calls business"—with a curious smile—"he's fair enough an' means to be kind."

While Dabney thus stood with the purposeful strength of a well-balanced mind that has oriented itself anew showing in every line of his figure and face, the agent, coming back, stopped halfway to the table, barely repressing an exclamation of astonishment. The mill-hand was entirely unconscious of anything unusual; the miracle had been so naturally wrought that the change did not seem to require any explanation. He spoke at once of the promised work:

"I'll come around in the morning ready to go to work, sir, if you'll be kind enough to see about it to-day. I might as well make a beginning at once, though mebbe I can't put in full time yet."

"Certainly, certainly; come here and

wait in the corridor till I've made the rounds. Glad you've come round to the sensible way of thinking."

Andrews went out on the steps with Dabney, and shook hands with him there at parting. He watched the tall, thin, one-armed figure till it passed out of sight around the nearest corner, and then he went back to his office in a state of puzzled amazement. Having shut himself in, he stood and gazed at the chair where Dabney had sat, as though it were still occupied by the hopeless figure which he had left when he was called out of the room. What in the name of wonder had changed that crushed and helpless thing into the ordinary appearance of Dabney as he was before he was maimed?

Then by a flash of memory a scene was set before him, of a brilliantly lighted hall where he, with other prominent citizens, had attended an entertainment gotten up by the gentlefolks of the town, because such attendance was expected of him. He saw again a young lady, all in fleecy white, reciting some verses, pretending with the approved arts of commonplace elocution to be a grim oppressor crushing and treading on some prostrate thing, her dainty boot-heel striking a hollow sound from the boards of the stage while she mouthed and trilled the words of Browning where the downtrodden one "caught at God's skirts, and prayed!"

"—So, I was afraid." Andrews said the concluding words aloud, and his voice sounded strange to him. Even through such fantastic presentment the word of the poet had found a lodgment in his mind. There was at the roots of his hair a prickly sensation so pronounced that he smoothed the back of his head with a hand grown suddenly cold. He sat down in his usual place, pale, and still staring at the empty chair. "While I was gone Dabney must have—" He did not finish the sentence. He had come up from the ranks, and his ideas and beliefs were unmodified by business success. His mind was still subject to the ordinary superstitions of the workingman. He had never seen any results from praying—he did not believe it ever amounted to anything—but he never disputed a fact; and he seemed now to be face to face with a power beside whose might that which he directed was as the small dust in the balance. He looked

up curiously at the heavily beamed ceiling.

"Things look pretty solid yet," he said, shaking himself free from the superstitious dread, and smiling with his usual good humor. He went resolutely to work on a report that was before him, and wrote steadily for half an hour, only to catch himself sitting idle and staring across the table at the place where Dabney had stood, ready to work, with the quiet, efficient-like appearance of old.

"I suppose I might let up on them a little here and there," Andrews mused. "The concern is running smoothly enough now. Maybe I'm driving with a tighter rein than is needed. I'll see what can be done, anyway."

Then he turned to his report and wrote steadily till it was finished.

"Hurry up, Dabney; what a snail you are to-day!" "I wonder why they make us wait while a cripple with one foot in the grave boggles and bungles at it." "Dabney, I'm waitin'—hurry along, can't you?"

"Patience, girls, I'll grow another crop of arms and then mebbe I'll do better," said Dabney, doing wonders with the one arm. But the girls had no patience. From all parts of the room complaints came from those whom he supplied with materials for their work. Then they gathered in angry clusters, and hooted and reviled him. They found out, the first day, that he was going quite a long way around to avoid passing through the corner of the weaving-shed where the great bevel-gear hung, and promptly made complaint. The second hand, as the assistant overseer was called, cursed roundly and ordered Dabney to carry the yarn the shortest way. He shuddered and shrank together behind the truck that he was pushing, and stopped stock-still at the great iron door. Then he set his jaws hard, and lifting his head went steadily forward, looking neither to the right nor left, past the place of his torture and on to the room beyond. Even

that was possible, and at last he became hardened to endure it dozens of times a day.

The last of those who had to wait for him several minutes were frantic in their reproaches, and he nearly lost his self-command.

"Dabney, you're slower than death," screamed one, viciously snatching a box before he could set it on its stand, and giving him an angry push that brought his maimed shoulder roughly in contact with a post. He leaned against his truck, gasping with the sudden pain, and turned the cavernous eyes on his tormentor with a look she will never forget.

"Death is slow," he said, and she cried afterward, thinking of her cruelty, and consoled herself with the reflection that her own living depended on her wasting no time.

At last Dabney had supplied them all and wheeled his truck out into the tower. There would be another two hours' rush after dinner, but the rest of the day was comparatively easy. He helped about the yard, which had to be kept clear of all litter and waste, and he opened the gate for those who had passes from the office to visit the mill. Sometimes he was called upon to act as guide for these visitors.

One day he had led such a party out through the weaving-shed to the main entrance of the mill, and as he opened the gate with some difficulty one of the ladies touched his empty sleeve. "Were you in the army?" she asked, looking up into the deeply lined face with kindly interest.

"No," said the agent, who had joined them, "he got hurt in the weave-shop rather more than a year ago." Looking at the place where Dabney stood, but not seeming to see him, he continued, slightly dropping his voice: "We employ him out of charity. It isn't our way to turn a crippled man adrift, even when he gets disabled by no fault of ours."

A gentle murmur of approval arose among the outgoing ladies, and Dabney silently closed the gates behind them.





## What May Happen Along a Road

By Ambrose Bierce

Illustrated by FRANK PARKER

**F**OR several days, in snow and rain, General Schofield's little army had crouched in its hastily constructed defenses at Columbia, Tennessee. It had retreated in hot haste from Pulaski, thirty miles to the south, arriving just in time to foil Hood, who, marching from Florence, Alabama, by another road, with a force of more than double our strength, had hoped to intercept us. Had he succeeded, he would indubitably have bagged the whole bunch of us. As it was, he simply took position in front of us and gave us plenty of employment, but did not attack; he knew a trick worth two of that.

Duck River was directly in our rear; I suppose both our flanks rested on it. The town was between them. One night—that of November 27, 1864—we pulled up stakes and crossed to the north bank to continue our retreat to Nashville, where Thomas and safety lay—such safety as is known in war. It was high time, too, for

before noon of the next day Forrest's cavalry forded the river a few miles above us and began pushing back our own horse toward Spring Hill, ten miles in our rear, on our only road. Why our infantry was not immediately put in motion toward the threatened point, so vital to our safety, General Schofield could have told better than I. Howbeit, we lay there inactive all day.

The next morning—a bright and beautiful one—the brigade of Col. P. Sidney Post was thrown out, up the river four or five miles, to see what it could see. What it saw was Hood's head-of-column coming over on a pontoon bridge, and a right pretty spectacle it would have been to one whom it did not concern. It concerned us rather keenly.

As a member of Colonel Post's staff, I was naturally favored with a good view of the performance. We formed in line of battle at a distance of perhaps a half mile from the bridge-head, but that unending column of gray and steel gave us no more attention than if we had been a crowd of farmer-folk. Why should it?



It had only to face to the left to be itself a line of battle. Meantime it had more urgent business on hand than brushing away a small brigade whose only offense was curiosity; it was making for Spring Hill with all its legs and wheels. Hour after hour we watched that unceasing flow of infantry and artillery toward the rear of our army. It was an unnerving spectacle, yet we never for a moment doubted that, acting on the intelligence supplied by our succession of couriers, our entire force was moving rapidly to the point of contact. The battle of Spring Hill was obviously decreed. Obviously, too, our brigade of observation would be among the last to have a hand in it. The thought annoyed us, made us restless and resentful. Our mounted men rode forward and back behind the line, nervous and distressed; the men in the ranks sought relief in frequent changes of posture, in shifting their weight from one leg to the other, in needless inspection of their weapons, and in that unailing resource of the discontented soldier, audible damning of those in the saddles of authority. But never for more than a moment at a time did anyone remove his eyes from that fascinating and portentous pageant.

Toward evening we were recalled, to learn that of our five divisions of infantry, with their batteries, numbering twenty-three thousand men, only one—Stanley's, four thousand weak—had been sent to Spring Hill to meet that formidable movement of Hood's three veteran corps. Why it was not immediately effaced is still a matter of controversy. Hood, who was early on the ground, declared that he gave the needful orders and tried vainly to enforce them; Cheatham, in command of his leading corps, that he did not. Doubtless the dispute is still being carried on between these chieftains from their beds of asphodel and moly in Elysium. This much is certain: Stanley drove away Forrest and successfully held the junction of the roads against Cleburne's division, the only infantry that attacked him.

That night the entire Confederate army lay in line within a half mile of our road, while we all sneaked by, infantry, artillery, and trains. The enemy's camp-fires shone redly—miles of them—seemingly only a stone's throw from our hurrying column. His men were plainly visible about them,

cooking their suppers—a sight so incredible that many of our own, thinking them friends, strayed over to them and did not return. At intervals of a few hundred yards we passed dim figures on horseback by the roadside, enjoining silence. Needless precaution: we could not have spoken if we had tried, for our hearts were in our throats. But fools are God's peculiar care, and one of his protective methods is the stupidity of other fools. By day-break our last man and last wagon had passed the fateful spot unchallenged, and our first were entering Franklin, ten miles away. Despite spirited cavalry attacks on trains and rear-guard, all were in Franklin by noon, and such of the men as could be kept awake were throwing up a slight line of defense, inclosing the town.

Franklin lies—or at that time did lie; I know not what exploration might now disclose—on the south bank of a small river, the Harpeth by name. For two miles southward was a nearly flat, open plain, extending to a range of low hills through which passed the turnpike by which we had come. From some bluffs on the precipitous north bank of the river was a commanding overlook of all this open ground, which, although more than a mile away, seemed almost at one's feet. On this elevated ground the wagon-train had been parked and General Schofield had stationed himself—the former for security, the latter for outlook. Both were guarded by General Wood's infantry division, of which my brigade was a part.

"We are in beautiful luck," said a member of the division staff. With some prevision of what was to come and a lively recollection of the nervous strain of helpless observation, I did not think it luck. In the activity of battle one does not feel one's hair going gray with vicissitudes of emotion. For some reason to the writer unknown General Schofield had brought along with him Gen. D. S. Stanley, who commanded two of his divisions—ours and another, which was not "in luck." In the ensuing battle, when this excellent officer could stand the strain no longer, he bolted across the bridge like a shot and found relief in the hell below, where he was promptly tumbled out of the saddle by a bullet.

Our line, with its reserve brigades, was about a mile and a half long, both flanks

on the river, above and below the town—a mere bridge-head. It did not look a very formidable obstacle to the march of an army of more than forty thousand men. In a more tranquil temper than his failure at Spring Hill had put him into, Hood would probably have passed around our left and turned us out with ease—which would justly have entitled him to the Humane Society's great gold medal. Apparently that was not his day for saving life.

About the middle of the afternoon our field-glasses picked out the Confederate head-of-column emerging from the range of hills previously mentioned, where it is cut by the Columbia road. But—ominous circumstance!—it did not come on. It turned to its left, at a right angle, moving along the base of the hills, parallel to our line. Other heads-of-column came through other gaps and over the crests further along, impudently deploying on the level ground with a spectacular display of flags and glitter of arms. I do not remember that they were molested, even by the guns of Wagner, who had been foolishly posted with two small brigades across the turnpike, a half mile in our front, where he was needless for appraisal and powerless for resistance. My recollection is that our fellows down there in their shallow trenches noted these portentous dispositions without the least manifestation of incivility. As a matter of fact, many of them were permitted by their compassionate officers to sleep. And truly it was good weather for that: sleep was in the very atmosphere. The sun burned crimson in a gray-blue sky through a delicate Indian-summer haze, as beautiful as a day-dream in paradise. If one had been given to moralizing, one might have found material a-plenty for homilies in the contrast between that peaceful autumn afternoon and the bloody business that it had in hand. If any good chaplain put aside the opportunity let us hope that he lived to lament in sackcloth-of-gold and ashes-of-roses his intellectual unthrift.

The putting of that army into battle shape—its change from columns into lines—could not have occupied more than an hour, yet it seemed an eternity. Its leisurely evolutions were maddening, but at last it moved forward with atoning rapidity, and the fight was on. First, the

storm struck Wagner's isolated brigades, which, vanishing in fire and smoke, instantly reappeared as a confused mass of fugitives inextricably intermingled with their pursuers. They had not delayed the advance a moment, and, as might have been foreseen, were now a peril to the main line, which could protect itself only by the slaughter of its friends. To the right and left, however, our guns got into play, and simultaneously a furious infantry fire broke out along the entire front, the paralyzed center excepted. But nothing could stay those gallant rebels from a hand-to-hand encounter with bayonet and butt, and that was accorded to them with hearty good-will.

Meantime Wagner's conquerors were pouring across the breastwork like water over a dam. The guns that had spared the fugitives had now no time to fire; their infantry supports gave way, and for a space of more than two hundred yards in the very center of our line the assailants, mad with exultation, had everything their own way. From the right and the left their gray masses converged into the gap, pushed through, and then, spreading, turned our men out of the works so hardly held against the attack in their front. From our viewpoint on the bluff we could mark the constant widening of the gap, the steady encroachment of that blazing and smoking mass against its disordered opposition.

"It is all up with us," said Captain Dawson, of Wood's staff; "I am going to have a quiet smoke."

I do not doubt that the wretch supposed himself to have borne the heat and burden of the strife. In the midst of his preparations he paused and looked again—a new tumult of musketry had broken loose. Col. Emerson Opdycke had rushed his reserve brigade into the *mêlée* and was bitterly disputing the Confederate advantage. Other fresh regiments joined in the countercharge, commanderless groups of retreating men returned to their work, and there ensued a hand-to-hand contest of incredible fury. Two long, irregular, mutable, and tumultuous blurs of color were consuming each other's edge along the line of contact. Such devil's work, thank heaven! does not last long, and we had the great joy to see it ending, not as it began, but "more nearly to the heart's

desire." Slowly the mobile blur moved away from the town, and presently the gray half of it dissolved into its elemental units, all in slow recession. The retaken guns in the embrasures pushed up towering clouds of white smoke; to east and to west along the reoccupied parapet ran a line of misty red till the spitfire crest was without a break from flank to flank. Probably there was some Yankee cheering, as doubtless there had been the "rebel yell," but my memory recalls neither. There are many battles in a war, and many incidents in a battle: one does not recollect everything. Possibly I have not a retentive ear.

While this lively work had been doing in the center, there had been no lack of diligence elsewhere, and now all were as busy as bees. I have read of many "successive attacks"—"charge after charge"—but I think the only assaults after the first were those of the second Confederate lines and possibly some of the reserves; certainly there was no visible abatement and renewal of effort anywhere except where the men who had been pushed out of the works backward tried to reënter.

After resetting their line, the victors could not clear their front, for the baffled assailants would not desist. All over the open country in their rear, clear back to the base of the hills, drifted the wreck of battle, the wounded that were able to walk; and through the receding throng pushed forward, here and there, horsemen with orders and footman whom we knew to be bearing ammunition. There were no wagons, no caissons: the enemy was not using, and could not use, his artillery. Along the line of fire we could see, dimly in the

smoke, mounted officers, singly and in small groups, attempting to force their horses across the slight parapet, but all went down. Of this devoted band was the gallant General Adams, whose body was found upon the slope, and whose animal's forefeet were actually inside the crest. General Cleburne lay a few paces farther out, and five or six other general officers sprawled elsewhere. It was a great day for Confederates in the line of promotion.

For many minutes at a time, broad spaces of battle were veiled in smoke. Of what might be occurring there conjecture gave a terrifying report. In a visible peril, observation is a kind of defense; against the unseen we lift a trembling hand. Always from these regions of obscurity we expected the worst, but always the lifted cloud revealed an unaltered situation.

The assailants began to give way. There was no general retreat; at many points the fight continued, with lessening ferocity and lengthening range, well into the night. It became an affair of twinkling musketry and broad flares of artillery; then it sank to silence in the dark. Under orders to continue his retreat, Schofield could now do so unmolested: Hood had suffered so terrible a loss, in life and *morale*, that he was in no condition for effective pursuit. As at Spring Hill, daybreak found us on the road with all our impedimenta except some of our wounded, and that night we encamped under the protecting guns of Thomas, at Nashville. Our gallant enemy audaciously followed, and fortified himself within rifle-reach, where he remained for two weeks without firing a gun and was then destroyed.



## MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK



**O**UR daily life is, for the most part, so obvious a thing, work and play, and our fellow-men are each so near to us, so lacking in perspective, and therefore so uninteresting that we are terribly shocked when some debonair philosopher comes swinging into ken to point out to our dull eyes the raw and ragged spots in our smug civilization. That is what Charles E. Russell is doing in his series of luminous articles on caste and the inbred respect most of us entertain for the fixed verities of human society. The first of these great articles is in the present number, and the subject of caste prejudice is dealt with by Mr. Russell in a fashion that would hold the interest and provoke the thought of the most frivolous reader. This idea of caste is rampant in India—has been for centuries. It is a hideous delusion, but those who believe in it cannot find it so. India would be to-day at least as important as Canada, if the caste canker could have been plucked out of her. As it is, all real progress is at a standstill. Education, morality, civic and social advancement, industry and ambition are dead issues in the great, mystic and beautiful but stone-dead empire. Mr. Russell explains in the present number the why and wherefore of this disheartening condition which prevails in all India. It will probably set you to thinking, and thinking hard, so don't read this article if you merely want to be amused. Next month the same author will show why England's progress is retarded through her far-reaching system of caste restrictions; this will bring the matter

nearer home to you. It will do more than make you think: it will make you squirm uncomfortably, and thank God you are neither duke nor hooligan.



What Israel Zangwill has done for the Jew in London, Bruno Lessing is doing for the Jew in New York. Zangwill has aroused the sympathy of the world in behalf of the terribly misunderstood Jew of Europe: Lessing is making half a million American readers laugh and cry over the doings of his picturesquely real types, drawn directly from the life of the big, throbbing East Side of Manhattan Island. So fine is this new author's sense of humor, so keen his analysis of the Jewish character, so accurate are his profiles of the Ghetto, that one forgets at times he is reading a story and not a reportorial transcript of actual occurrences. But Bruno Lessing is the artist always, and this the careful reader can see and feel on every page of his work. Indeed, he has discovered for us a new realism—the realism which takes into account the emotions, the aspirations, the viewpoint, of an entire and potent race. We honestly believe that not since Dickens have any phases of city life been so well depicted as have these by Bruno Lessing in his later stories. To neglect reading these Ghetto cameos is to cheat oneself of a vast pleasure. You will believe in him, as we believe in him, when you have read his forthcoming stories, which record his high-water mark of achievement, and which are to appear in the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, one each month, during 1907. Bruno Lessing will write for this periodical exclusively; you will find his

stories only in these pages. We make this announcement with something of a flourish, for we are convinced that we are nourishing a genius, and we are equally convinced that you will agree with us, if not at once, most certainly at a later day.



It will be part and parcel of our work to discover new writers for your delectation during 1907. We think we have captured a few of them already. While we will continue to present the best work of those seasoned authors whose names are synonymous with real literature and with the power of expressing great thoughts simply and interestingly, we have our ear attuned to the voices of the younger men and women who are headed our way, singing their lusty songs in a new note and with stout lungs as they come tramping along the broad highway of life and letters. Some of the virile products of these newcomers you will find in every number of the COSMOPOLITAN. To those of the advancing army of pen-craftsmen who do not see us beckoning, we send this message of welcome to our pages. We have determined to make this magazine so big and fine, so full of the important things of life, in prose and verse, in story and article, that its presence in the homes of the land will be a necessity—an imperative, dominant necessity.

And you are to help us!



Your help need cost you neither time nor care—just a simple word o' mouth to some deserving neighbor whose circumstances may not be as pleasant nor as full of comfort as your own. In every city, every town, every village, there is some one who may be substantially helped to the better things of life, and such help it is the duty of those who are more fortunate to render. There are many honest dollars to be made in canvassing for subscriptions to a great magazine like the COSMOPOLITAN. It is a work in which the frailest of women may engage. It is a profitable business, demanding no capital, no initial outlay. Presented on its mere physical merits, it wins attention. Hundreds of men and women throughout the land are thriving in this pleasant occupation of securing annual subscriptions for this magazine. The commission allowed on every subscription is unusually high, and

nets a greater profit to the canvasser than is offered by most of its contemporaries. We are prepared to give these exact figures to anyone interested, and a letter of inquiry to our subscription department will bring an immediate response.

And you, Mr. Well-to-do Reader, may help yourself by helping another, and this very easily by sending us your subscription through some other person instead of direct. Your subscription at the head of a list may be the means of enabling some one in your neighborhood to celebrate a merry Christmas and enjoy a genuinely happy New Year. It needs but a suggestion on your part. Seek out the one you would help, and let him send to us for the necessary equipment of sample copies, and so forth. Your subscription and those of a dozen of your relatives, friends, or neighbors mean enough money earned for a real Christmas holiday to be enjoyed by some intelligent though needy person in your vicinity. Think it over seriously, and act on the suggestion. It will add to your cheerfulness on Christmas morning.



Word is received from Mr. London just as we go to press that his boat is rapidly nearing completion. Indeed, a snap-shot that he sends shows the little vessel quite ready to leave the stocks. The intrepid voyagers will soon be headed for Hawaii. Thence Mr. London will send his first article, and our readers will have it as soon as possible. They are going to become vastly interested in the *Snark* and her crew, for there are many delights to be experienced, many perils to be faced, many obstacles to be overcome. The preliminary article in the present issue gives the measure of the man and his attitude toward the undertaking. From that we have no hesitation in declaring that the COSMOPOLITAN is going to print the most extraordinary travel narrative of modern times, if not, indeed, of all times.



Both in quantity and in quality the color illustrations which form so notable a feature of the COSMOPOLITAN, and which will distinguish it among the periodicals during 1907, will mark in no uncertain way the advance of reproductive art in America and the great progress of magazine-making.



Never before has so ambitious an attempt been made to present between the covers of a periodical so brilliant an array of color illustrations as will make the COSMOPOLITAN unique during the coming year. The services of the very best artists have been engaged—men and women who understand the requirements of color reproduction and whose drawings have placed them in the front rank of American illustrators. The magazine of the future will be a product in which pictorial color effects will be dominant. All publishers are agreed on this point. The COSMOPOLITAN is anticipating this coming achievement; it is the magazine of the future brought forward to the present.

Always progressive, as well as aggressive, this magazine means to show the way to its more timid contemporaries in the matter of high-art achievements. We shall print fine color pictures, not for their own sake alone, but as illuminants of the text, and these for the most part will be pictures of timely interest, of vital news importance, but presented in a finished manner that will suggest a world of leisurely polishing and perfecting. And in the matter of full-color covers we will give the magazine an outward garb that shall be at least wholly individual and undeniably beautiful.

In order to do this, arrangements have been completed with artists who have made a life study of putting effective charm in the small compass of a magazine cover. We are convinced that the pictorial covers of the COSMOPOLITAN will stand by themselves as the most notable achievements in the whole realm of color reproductive art. We shall prove to you that this is no idle boast; we mean, in the expressive language of the hour, to "make good."



MR. AND MRS. LONDON AT THE BOW OF THE  
SNARK

From the volume of letters received from delighted readers, we realize that the articles published under the head, "What Life Means to Me," are tremendously popular. And this is not surprising, since several of the papers have been remarkable human documents—those by Jack London and Upton Sinclair in particular. In fact, the former has already been spoken of as the greatest magazine article of the year, and all have proved helpful, stimulating, and

inspiring. We have the word of thousands of our readers in witness of this. The unanimous request of our correspondents has been, "Give us more of 'What Life Means to Me.'" Of course we shall! Ella Wheeler Wilcox explains her beautiful philosophy of life in this Christmas number. In January we shall see how very differently Alfred Henry Lewis takes life and looks upon the great mystery of existence. There are many other interesting people to be heard from, people who have struggled and thought and planned to reach that attitude toward the world which will give the greatest happiness.



Alan Dale, the most entertaining writer on the drama in America, will continue his monthly contributions to the COSMOPOLITAN, and the illustrations accompanying them will be the most attractive portraits obtainable of the favorites of the American stage.



Among the features of the Holiday number will be an article on the Russian spy system by R. E. C. Long, and one by Belmont Purdy giving interesting facts about the high-jumping horse.

A.D.

1492



## MRS. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By Harry Graham

Illustrated by  
FRANK PARKER

HE bride grows pale beneath her veil,  
The matron, for the nonce, is dumb,  
Who listens to the tragic tale  
Of Mrs. Christopher Columb,  
Who lived and died (so says report)  
A widow of the herbal sort.

Her husband upon canvas wings  
Would brave the ocean, tempest-tossed;  
He had a *culte* for finding things  
Which nobody had ever lost,  
And Mrs. C. grew almost frantic  
When he discovered the Atlantic.

But nothing she could do or say  
Would keep her Christopher at home;  
Without delay he sailed away  
Across what poets call "the foam,"  
While neighbors murmured, "What a shame!"—  
And wished their husbands did the same.

He ventured on the highest C's  
That reared their heads above the bar,





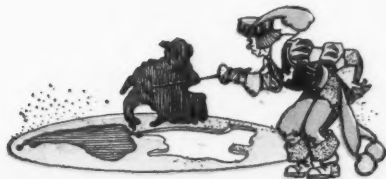
*To him returning from the West  
She proved a perfect anti-dote*

Knowing the compass and the quays  
Like any operatic star;  
And funny friends who watched him do so  
Would call him "Robinson Caruso."

But Mrs. C. remained indoors,  
And poked the fire, and wound the clocks,  
Amused the children, scrubbed the floors,  
Or darned her absent husband's socks.  
(For she was far too sweet and wise  
To darn the great explorer's eyes.)

And when she chanced to look around  
At all the couples she had known,  
And realized how few had found  
A home as peaceful as her own,  
She saw how pleasant it may be  
To wed a chronic absentee.

Her husband's absence she enjoyed,  
Nor ever asked him where he went,  
Thinking him harmlessly employed  
Discovering some continent.  
(Had he been always in, no doubt,  
Some day she would have found him out.)





To him returning from the West  
 She proved a perfect anti-dote,  
 Who loosed his Armour (beef compressed)  
 And sprayed his "automobile throat";  
 His health she kept a jealous eye on,  
 And played Peruna to his lion!

And when she got him home again,  
 And so could wear the jewels rare  
 Which Isabella, Queen of Spain,  
 Entrusted to her husband's care.  
 Her momentary wealth was far  
 Beyond the dreams of caviar!

A melancholy thing it is  
 How few have known or understood  
 The manifold advantages  
 Of such herbaceous widowhood!  
 (What is it ruins married lives  
 But husbands—not to mention wives?)

O wedded couples of to-day,  
 Pray take these principles to heart,  
 And copy the Columbian way  
 Of living happily apart.  
 And so, to you, at any rate,  
 Shall marriage be a "blessed state."



# Child Labor Must Be Swept Away

When Your Children Romp Around  
the Christmas Tree, Think of  
the Two Million Little  
Wage Slaves



EDWIN MARKHAM'S articles on child labor in the COSMOPOLITAN have acutely roused the conscience and indignation of millions of people; his presentation of the subject has been so true, forcible, and impressive that the readers of the COSMOPOLITAN have not been content with reading it themselves, but have passed it on and recommended it to their friends and acquaintances. Thus the propaganda has had a vast scope; and both the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE and the Child Labor Federation have been hearing of the effect in a multitude of letters from all parts of the country, and from distant countries. Thousands upon thousands of men and women have written denouncing child labor and the conditions which produce it, and applying for membership in the Child Labor Federation.

The COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE and the Child Labor Federation do not undertake to efface this unspeakable wrong of child labor single-handed. What they have aimed at, and continue to aim at, is to give the facts to the American people. The force of an idea, if that idea be good and kindle the heart of mankind, is invincible. It may be thwarted for the time; eventually it will triumph.

Soon the idea that child labor is morally, ethically, socially, and industrially wrong will become the overwhelming edict of the nation, irresistible, and not to be trifled with. That decree of public opinion



A TYPICAL CHILD SLAVE

will shape itself into political action whereby men of humane principles will supplant those of the commercial standard, and new systems and laws will evolve which will sweep away child labor and all the conditions which produce it.

Each one of you, readers, is a power, even though you may not think it. An idea which takes hold of your mind and transfixes your heart has in it all the elements of contagion. From you it goes to others, from them to others still, the circle always widening, ever spreading and spreading, growing and growing, until it embraces tens and hundreds of thousands of people. Conditions may enchain you to shop or factory, mine or counting-room, house or town, but, while your physical radius may be small, there is no earthly force that can prevent the idea that takes possession of



you from flying out beyond you to the remotest corners of the earth. Such is the sublime capacity of Thought and the unconquerable energy of an Idea. These are the things that count most in the upward climb of mankind.

Of all months this is *the* month, when the churches doubly resound with hosannas to immortal Christ, that the idea that child slavery must go should solemnly seize your whole resolution. Christ drove the money-changers from the temple and denounced Mammon and all of Mammon's works and methods. Well-nigh twenty centuries have elapsed since he said: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Yet Mammon still thrives and waxes as a colossus, overriding mankind with the brutal, sordid atrocities which the lust of money inevitably brings.

Mammon must be fought and crushed. As long as the conscienceless pursuit of profit is allowed, so long will men's savage instincts be encouraged, and greed will struggle to predominate over all those fine virtues which lie intrinsically in the human heart, but which are almost stifled in the terrible pressure of modern industrial life.

During the centuries which have come and gone since Christ preached his precepts, mankind has gone through some fantastic experiences. There was the law of force in medieval days, for instance, when the robber baron by strong right arm seized whatever property he coveted and made the weak his vassals. But there was this redeeming quality about the robber baron: in his search for adventure and plunder he used his own strength and freely risked his life. His successor, the modern industrial baron, exercises cunning instead of force; he does not hazard his skin, not he. Taking precious care never to endanger his safety, comfort, and leisure, he bravely allows men and women and children to risk their lives in the dangers of his factory or mine. He is oblivious to their enslavement and degradation; the wail of the children never reaches his ears, which are an anatomical instrument responsive to the clink of money only. If you were to reproach him with being a loathsome specimen of cupidity and cowardice, he would naturally feel hurt and let you know

that he was a respectable man, carrying on a respectable industry.

This is the type which rules our industrial and political life, and combats every attempt to better the conditions of the wage-slave children. Do not think that because the two million little wage slaves are free to wend their tired way to their homes every night they are essentially free. As a nation may be enslaved by a tyrant, so a people may be enslaved by industrial conditions while still deluding themselves with being free. If childhood is robbed of the normal advantages, training, joys, home influences, and education which rightly belong to it, then that is a form of slavery, and one of the worst. The chattel slave got good treatment in childhood and in sickness; it was to the master's interest to give it. But the industrial slave gives up everything and gets nothing except poor wages; the owners have no interest in him when he ceases to be of use. First, childhood is stripped, degraded, and squeezed; then when the boys and girls, by reason of this unscrupulous exploitation, are of no further service, they are flung aside like so much rubbish.

Child labor must go. It will go. Humanity will not tolerate this dreadful sacrifice much longer. The system which produces it is depraved and senseless and must go, too. The Child Labor Federation is doing all that it can to rouse the whole nation to this frightful evil. You can help, and you should help. You have boys and girls of your own; when you see them grouped happily about the Christmas dinner, can you feel satisfied with yourself if you do not give a thought to the two millions of other children to whom Christmas brings only the reminder that they are wage slaves? You were a boy or a girl once, or you are still; do you not feel a vast indignation that these two millions should be wrenched away and their immature minds and bodies converted to machines in mine or factory? How can your conscience feel easy, so long as this lasts, when you can help change these conditions? As a means to this end, enroll as a member of the Child Labor Federation and urge your friends and acquaintances to do likewise. It will cost you nothing. By addressing Gustavus Myers, secretary, 1789 Broadway, New York City, you will receive, free of expense, a certificate of membership.

